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SOCIALISM AND THE "DAILY EXPRESS"

THE *Daily Express* is thoroughly put out. At its own Centre of Public Opinion it carried out a poll on the issue of Socialism and Private Enterprise. Two-thirds of those who replied think that the mines should be nationalised and 59 per cent. take the same view about the railways. As 39 per cent. of the voters state that they are Conservatives, it seems that quite a number of Tory voters are now in favour of socialising the mines, if not the railways and other public utilities. The *Daily Express* frankly admits its disappointment. It had hoped, it says, "with its huge net sale—now more than 3,000,000 daily—that the reasons so cogently advanced in the newspaper would have had some effect in convincing public opinion of the virtues of private enterprise." Its conclusion is that it will have to work harder, producing more cogent and convincing reasons for private enterprise.

We do not want to rag the *Daily Express* in its disappointment. Lord Beaverbrook sincerely believes in private enterprise. (We refer to the proprietor of the *Daily Express* personally because he would not want us to take too seriously the Ministerial suggestion that he has now disinterested himself from the political opinions of the papers he runs.) Lord Beaverbrook is a very intelligent man. We invite him in all seriousness to ask himself why he should have expected that the readers of the *Daily Express*, or of any other newspaper, should in these days be in favour of private ownership of the mines. The influence of even the largest circulation newspaper is limited; no argument, however cogent, can persuade an electorate to vote against its own obvious interests on a question of home affairs of which it has much experience. That is why Mr. Roosevelt has won three successive elections against the massed circulation of the vast majority of American newspapers. And in the case of the coal mines, why should anyone, Labour, Liberal or Conservative, unless he has a direct interest in the profits of the industry, want the mines to remain in private hands?

Let Lord Beaverbrook look at the issue for a moment, not from the elevated standpoint of a millionaire capitalist, but from the point of view of any simple citizen of this country. Here is a great national asset, on which the prosperity of other industries as well as the comfort of every individual depends. Any argument for leaving the ownership of this industry in private hands would apply to the air and sunlight. What possible reason can you find, if you look at the matter afresh, with the eyes of common sense, for allowing the amount of coal produced, and the price paid for it and the conditions under which it is produced, to be decided by the amount of profit accruing to a private group of owners? There is only one possible argument—that private interest does the job well. And that argument, in the case of the coal mines, cannot be sustained for a minute. A long series of public inquiries, from Sankey and Samuel onwards, have been unanimous in condemning the conduct of the mining industry as antiquated, inefficient and selfish. Every inquiry has agreed in demanding a greater degree of public control. The average citizen has known for the last twenty-five years of frequent stoppages and disastrous politics, that on grounds of efficiency alone the case for the socialisation of the coal mines is complete and unanswerable.

Three factors have finally and conclusively exploded the case for the private ownership of national resources and public services.

First, the experience of the great economic collapse, which capitalism was incapable of remedying except by war, has convinced thoughtful people everywhere that mass unemployment and economic chaos are the inevitable result in these days of leaving the welfare of the common man to the tender merties of private capitalists.

Secondly, the citizen notices that the moment war begins and we need production for a public, as opposed to a private purpose, the State takes control. The necessity is obvious and unquestioned.

Thirdly, the argument that national ownership and large-scale planning in the public interest is inefficient dies on the lips of its most eloquent exponents as they contemplate the completely unparallelled transformation of feudal Russia into the Soviet Union of 1944.

In voting for socialisation the readers of the *Daily Express* are merely showing a capacity for reading the signs of the times which cannot be hidden from them even by the persuasion and journalistic acumen of Lord Beaverbrook. They read the *Daily Express*, not for its cogent arguments, but for its brightly sub-edited news.

The Battlefronts

It is difficult to say which of two factors in the immediate military situation is the more significant—the immensity of the Red Army's gains of territory on the north-central sector of the Eastern front, or the mounting total of prisoners captured from the *Wehrmacht* on both the Eastern and Western fronts. With Vilna stormed and the fall of Pinsk likely to be announced before these lines are read, it is clear that within a few days the Russians will be west of a general line Kovno-Grodno-Brest Litovsk; the line of the Niemen will be turned from the south; and the invasion of East Prussia, for whose loss German commentators are already preparing their public, will have begun. This will represent a strategical crisis whose impact on German morale is bound to be severe. Has the morale of the army itself begun to crack? In the West the Allies have taken 55,000 prisoners since the beginning of the invasion, and in the East the Russians' captures are approximately 115,000, including a score of generals, of whom five were corps commanders. Too much importance should doubtless not be attached to the capitulation of commanders of encircled divisions: after all, the entire German 6th Army surrendered outside Stalingrad, and there was a mass capitulation in Tunisia. The surrender, however, of high-ranking officers on this scale suggests that, when defeat in the field reaches a certain point, the Führer's "fight to the last bullet" command loses its efficacy.

U.S.S.R. and Poland

Stalin has intimated to members of the Polish Government in this country that he is expecting them to return to Poland to carry out their administrative functions as the Red Army and the Polish partisans liberate Polish territory. The Polish Government is protesting its anxiety for an agreement with the Soviet Union. Polish Ministers have their chance both of agreement with the U.S.S.R. and of return to their country. The Premier, Mr. Mikołajczyk, is certainly anxious to avail himself of the opportunity. Some of his Ministers, very comfortably ensconced in this country and devoting their time almost wholly to anti-Soviet intrigue, will be less pleased. We should trouble less about these extremist Polish nationalists if they had less money to spend on propaganda. The Polish Minister of Information is spending in 1944 £858,200 as against £575,900 last year. We note that H.M. Stationery Office is shortly to publish two Polish propaganda pamphlets, and that one of them is written by Mr. Lutoslawski, who, under the name of "Peter Jordan," was responsible for *Central European Union*, a pamphlet that caused a sensation by showing Poland's frontiers stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea and far into present Russia. When the future of Poland is at stake and many thousands dying for Polish liberty, is it not time to call a halt to these irresponsible émigré activities.

Russia's Diplomatic Front

Bulgaria has now been given a final chance to decide whether she sinks as a Nazi satellite or survives by her assistance to the Red Army. Up till now the traditional friendship of Bulgarians for Russia has stood them in good stead; of all the Balkan States, Bulgaria alone has maintained diplomatic relations with her Slav neighbour and has given least help to her enemies. No doubt the U.S.S.R. has had good reasons for tolerating such aid as Bulgaria has given to Germany. Political motives apart, it has been an obvious convenience to maintain an embassy inside the enemy camp. That convenience, however, has probably served its turn. What the Russians most require is sabotage and disorder in the Nazi rear. All their diplomatic effort is therefore concentrated on promoting that. They understand that Bulgaria is the one satellite where there is a real hope of the people, together with important sections of the army, breaking the Nazi grip. If this defection can be achieved, it would ensure the early destruction of the German armies south of the Carpathians. In Rumania, too, it may be possible to stimulate disaffection. War correspondents tell of the Red Army's scrupulous regard for M. Molotov's promise that there would be no interference in Rumanian affairs, and of the friendly and co-operative attitude of the population in the occupied strip. Soviet moderation here will do much to convince people still under German rule that they have nothing to lose if they take an active part in their liberation.

Greece

Backed by British officials in Cairo Mr. Papandreou, the Greek Premier, continues his vicious campaign against the E.A.M. The clique of old politicians round him, most of whom have never lifted a finger to help Greek resistance, see the popular support for E.A.M. as a challenge to their positions and their careers. They have the means to discredit the Liberation Movement. Cairo radio is at their service; censorship can create a time lag between Mr. Papandreou's speeches and the statements of the E.A.M. Thus, when negotiations broke down, his statement putting the whole blame for their failure on to the E.A.M. was given full publicity long before the E.A.M. telegrams. These contained a number of specific charges against Mr. Papandreou. They accuse him of trying to abolish the E.L.A.S. and of failing to denounce the Security Battalions, although the Lebanon Conference had insisted on this. He disingenuously answered that the E.L.A.S. "created the psychological climate which allowed the Germans" to form these Security Battalions. E.A.M. also charged him with treating unfairly the leaders of the Greek mutiny. The telegrams show that Mr. Papandreou's cunning use of the Lebanon Conference is clearly appreciated inside Greece. E.A.M., the National Liberation Committee and the Communist Party have now asked for a definite settlement along the lines on which agreement was reached in Lebanon. The position of E.L.A.S. must be clarified, an amnesty granted to the leaders of the mutiny, a larger proportion of Cabinet positions allocated to the E.A.M., and a Government delegation sent immediately to Greek territory and to the National Liberation Committee. If Mr. Papandreou is sincerely seeking national unity, these demands will be met. We do not suggest that E.A.M. is as powerful or disciplined an organisation as Tito's, but it is representative of Greek resistance and is entitled to honest treatment. It will be a disaster if the old unrepresentative politicians are once again able to depend on British support

The Monetary Conference at Work

At Bretton Woods, the World Monetary Conference, under orders to quit during the next week or so, is at work with its three Commissions, dealing respectively with the proposed Stabilisation Fund, the proposed International Investment Bank, and the odds and ends, of which the most important, in the eyes of the lobbies, appears to be the question of silver. Mr. White, the author of the American plans, is presiding over the Stabilisation Fund Commission, and Lord Keynes over that which is dealing with the Investment Bank. The silver interests, including the "Silver Lobby" in Congress, are making great efforts to get silver recognised as the partner of gold in the new currency plans, but do not seem likely to meet with much success. American banking interests are applying heavy pressure to get the gold standard written into the stabilisation agreement; and there is a serious risk that the Joint Plan of the experts may undergo serious mauling before it emerges from the Commission. There is no news as yet of the progress that is being made with the plan for an Investment Bank, except that every attempt is being made to reassure the private financial interests that it will not tread on their toes, and the Americans in general that, though they will have to put up most of the money, the risks will not fall on them more than upon other countries. It is too soon yet to say whether the plan that comes out of the Conference will be such as Great Britain can afford to accept. The Government has promised, through Sir John Anderson, that it will not take us back on the gold standard; but that promise may mean much or little, according to the interpretation that is put on it.

Crisis in the Book Trade

Everyone knows from experience that it is more difficult to-day to obtain a copy of *Pride and Prejudice* than to buy a bottle of gin. The causes behind this book famine (and new books are as scarce as old) are revealed by a memorandum issued by the Publishers' Association this week. Stocks are being very rapidly used up: the number of books disposed of in 1943 exceeded by almost 50 per cent. the number of books printed. A larger paper quota and priority for skilled workers in paper-making, printing and binding are among the immediate demands of the Association. The worst bottle-neck at the moment is in binding, and it is calculated that to maintain the present rate of production 1,000 women are required each year; many machines are idle. Shortage of labour extends to the technical schools, some of which have discontinued their training. The case put forward by the Association on these two points—paper quota and labour—seems unanswerable, especially when we compare the annual allocations of paper: newspapers 250,000 tons, H.M. Stationery Office, 100,000 tons, periodicals 50,000 tons, War Office 25,000 tons, books 22,000 tons. The last figure is shamefully ill-proportioned. We have travelled some way since Lord Beaverbrook could exclaim in public "To hell with culture," but we have still, if we are to win the peace, a long way to go.

PARLIAMENT: Landslide

Wednesday afternoon

THE biggest laugh since D-day greeted W. S. Morrison's unfortunate first sentence in the Town and Country Planning debate: "In opening this discussion I should like to try to put this Bill in its proper place." Members hooted, howled, and referred audibly to the waste-paper basket and other even less seemly destinations. There was an undertone of real cynicism as well as amusement in this explosion. The Bill was so very much the same old story.

Nor did Morrison put it across with conviction. He seemed ill at ease. He read much of his speech rapidly and even perfunctorily, in his slightly rasping Scotch voice. Maclaren's interruptions were caustic, and the House enjoyed them: for instance, when the Minister remarked, "Most of the great industries of this country started at some time with someone in a backyard with a lathe, a few other tools, and an idea," Maclaren interjected "The Duke of Westminster!" However, when Maclaren objected to the Minister's constant use of the inelegant new noun "overspill," the Minister scored by substituting pointedly the cumbersome periphrasis "... the land necessary for providing alternative accommodation for persons displaced therefrom."

The Minister concluded his sketch of the Bill's main proposals with a promise of new consultations with local authorities (with nothing barred) before the Committee stage, and with the admission that this Bill was not a pattern of the brave new world but a mere "epilogue to the national emergency." It had been difficult to get even so much agreement within the Government: "Ministers, as well as Members, have their own views." This seemed to imply a subtle change in the Labour Ministers' relationship with their colleagues and their party. In the past they have defended compromise measures as being the best that could be got in the circumstances; they seem indisposed to make even a half-hearted apology for this makeshift.

Greenwood led off after the Minister; he protested against the unusual procedure of thrusting the White Paper and the Bill on the House simultaneously, and against the scantiness of the discussions with the local authorities. Hinchingbrooke, spokesman of the "young Tories," who support the Bill ardently, gave this curious answer to the demand for a more simple and expeditious procedure for compulsory acquisition: "variety, complexity and exact definition may displease local authorities; it may even befuddle us in this House . . . but it will be of great benefit . . . to members of the legal profession acting on behalf of their dispossessed and about-to-be-compensated clients." Pickthorn excited reluctant admiration with one of his brilliant and idiosyncratic speeches. "The two first responsibilities of Government," he said, "were defence and the maintenance of the currency." The Government had failed in both—and now proposed to remedy the resultant damage "by putting the first charge upon those people who happen to own real property where the bombs fell." This was "a gross piece of injustice."

Henry Strauss, for the Ministry, wound up the first day of the debate in sourly practical vein: it was "quite useless" for Members to say that they would have liked a different sort of Bill if what they would have liked "could not live for five minutes in this House." Precisely.

An adjournment debate on B.B.C. propaganda to Europe provided an unexpected opportunity for Bracken to describe *The Nineteenth-Century and After* as "the favourite paper of Lord Haw-Haw," and concerned "to create the maximum amount of mischief among the United Nations." The Prime Minister agreed, at question time, that the German people would be taking "a very well-advised step" if they overthrew their rulers.

PONTIFEX MINOR

MR. GANDHI WILL CO-OPERATE

Whatever comes of Mr. Gandhi's generous offer to the Muslim League, it makes at length the new departure in India for which everyone has been waiting since the failure of the Cripps mission. It is possible and even likely that Mr. Jinnah will reject this friendly overture, and in that case we may have to wait some time for a final settlement of the Indian question. But this proof which the Mahatma has given of a realistic and accommodating outlook ought to change the face of Indian politics. It means that co-operation has taken the place of revolt. It ought to be followed by the prompt release of the Congress prisoners and a return to self-government in the Congress provinces.

The offer to the Muslim League was, it seems, drafted by Mr. Rajagopalachari more than a year ago. It concedes in a frank and business-like way the right of the Muslim provinces to self-determination. The areas that have an absolute Muslim majority in the North-West and East are to be delimited and may then decide, after the war, by a plebiscite, whether they will form an independent Pakistan or take their place in a federal India. In the meantime, during the transitional period, it is proposed that Congress and the League shall join in forming a National Government. It is stipulated that the League shall join Congress in demanding independence after the war.

The illuminating conversation with Mr. Gandhi which Mr. Stuart Gelder reports in the *News Chronicle* makes the meaning of this offer clear. Mr. Gandhi is in effect accepting the Cripps terms which he rejected in 1942. He proposes that the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief shall bear the sole responsibility in military matters, while the Indian Cabinet shall have full charge of civil affairs. In that realm the Viceroy becomes a constitutional monarch. Mr. Gandhi will himself stand aside and will not allow his pacifism to interfere with the conduct of the war.

Unfortunately Mr. Jinnah, who had these terms before him for over a year, did not on account of them abate his public hostility to Congress and to Mr. Gandhi. He may know that there is no majority for Pakistan in the Muslim provinces. At the moment he is at feud with the Muslim premier of the Punjab, who resents his dictation. Apart from his reluctance to declare himself, it is not quite clear whether one of the difficulties that wrecked the Cripps offer is still in the way—the Viceroy's Veto. We should guess not; for Mr. Gandhi's wish is obviously to settle and not to split constitutional hairs. If, as he believes, Mr. Churchill did decide to " crush " him, when he rebelled, there can be no excuse for that attitude now. This is the Mahatma in a welcome mood of political realism; he has chosen his own way of telling us, quite plainly, that he has changed his mind. Of Mr. Churchill we ask nothing more difficult than that he should go back to the mood and policy of the Cripps mission.

THE NATION'S LAND

The sons in this war have avoided the generous mistakes of their fathers. No one believes that we shall rush from devastation into Utopia. The loss of that illusion may not be an unmixed gain: a generation that asks little of the future will get little. To this drab sobriety of vision, there was, however, an exception. Most of us had dared to indulge in bright visions of what intelligent planning might do for us, when we start rebuilding the formless and often sordid streets that Hitler has destroyed. We have it in us as a people to build nobly. Marlborough, after a ruinous fire, was rebuilt on a gracious plan, that delights us to this day. In the next decade, with public spirit at its lowest ebb, the chance to rebuild the City of London in the grand manner was lost, but the plans of Wren are on record to convince us that it is opportunity and not creative imagination that our architects lack. The dignity of Edinburgh confirms our confidence, and enough is still standing in London of what Nash built, early in the last century, to fire us to emulation.

The planners and the architects are rising to seize their chance. The schemes that have been prepared for London and Coventry, Plymouth and Bristol are bold exercises in social imagination. They have dared to sweep away what chance and the commercial motive had made, to substitute for it plans which have everything to commend them on the score of health and convenience as well as visual dignity and the social needs of the community. These plans had, moreover, the good fortune to please the citizens for whom they were designed; even the most radical of them, that designed for Plymouth, is popular. In short, we are mentally ready for a brilliant advance that will transform the conditions under which our urban populations have to live. All that was lacking was that the Government, a coalition of all parties, should translate the general will into adequate legislation.

How pitiably it has failed is now evident. Few Governments have ever provoked such a unanimous demonstration of disappointment as this mean and near-sighted Bill has provoked from all the organisations that speak for local government. The ultra-conservative City of London is at one with the Labour majority of the County Council: indeed, without distinction of party the spokesmen of all our local authorities, great and small, from one end of this island to the other, have approved the critical memorandum which analyses " the serious defects " of this measure. This sober but merciless document deals with most of the weaknesses we exposed last week. The procedure for the acquisition of land for public purposes has not been simplified all round: an improved method, which is still far from being rapid or simple, is indeed introduced, but only where war damage is concerned and then only for five years. No method whatever is available by which land can be compulsorily bought for open spaces or for such public purposes as hospitals. Again, the financial help which the Treasury will furnish, niggardly at the best, will apply only to schemes dealing with war damage. What must happen is fairly obvious. In words, the Bill gives powers to plan and reconstruct, not merely districts which have been heavily bombed, but other areas which suffer from bad lay-out and obsolete development. In fact, its machinery is so designed that few local authorities will dare, without help, to face the formidable cost of demolishing and rebuilding these dreary and unplanned warrens. They will endure for several decades longer, and the generation that comes after us will wish that Hitler's bombers had been more thorough.

The gravest criticism of this Bill is not that its details are mean and inadequate. Details can be dealt with in Committee, and we do not doubt that some at least of its worst defects will be cured. What we chiefly have against it cannot be remedied in this way. Neither in the Bill nor in the White Paper is there any provision for the national planning of our land. That is an understatement. The Bill does not even provide for town planning. What is to be planned are limited areas which have suffered heavy damage and others that are conspicuously ill laid out. It is even stipulated that where more than one area has to be reconstructed, the plans shall be presented separately. There is to be no master-plan for the whole island, nor does the conception of an organic scheme for a whole city and its rural environment enter into the Government's mind. Its boldest ambition is to patch.

This is not what the nation has the right to expect. A city, with its approaches, its transport system and the agricultural region round it, must be conceived as a living whole. Round every city, and for that matter round every small town, a green belt of inviolable country should be preserved for all time. The beauty of mountain and seashore calls for protection, and public opinion impatiently expects the preservation of some few unspoiled regions as national parks.

Even more imperative is it to plan the future location of industry and to make up our minds how population is to be distributed and what developments of transport and electrical supply the governing economic plan demands. The social conscience of most of us is tolerably alert where town planning is concerned, but it is only dimly aware that the rural development of our island stands in equal need of planning. The æsthetic approach to this problem most townsmen grasp, but as yet too few realise how much is involved in the economic planning of the countryside. Land for the townsman is space on which buildings can be erected. For the countryman it is soil, which man, in alliance with nature, has rendered fertile; through thirty centuries in our island the team work of the generations by ditching and ploughing with spade and hoe, with marl and manure, has given it its value. The modern tractor continues what the villein's team of eight oxen began. This fertility which the toil of centuries created we have been squandering by our unplanned development of land. Usually it was the best land we sacrificed for the ribbons of villas that line our roads, since roads tend to run for choice over flattish, rich and populated country; and again in constructing aerodromes we have done the same thing, for it is flat land and usually fertile land that they demand. The economic problems of our post-war existence may teach us again what since the industrial revolution we have tended to forget, that our soil is a priceless social heritage and a source of wealth, which by regional and national planning we must develop to the utmost for pasture, forestry and tillage. We waste in this island land enough to feed several cities. The conclusion is that the Uthwatt Report was right to emphasise the need for planning by a central authority.

The Government's idea of solving the land question by a series of measures spread over a considerable lapse of time is the fruit merely of indecision and divided counsels. Parliament must do its utmost to amend this faulty Bill. The Second Reading is not the end of the matter. The Labour Party should announce plainly in tones that carry conviction, that it intends, when it gets the chance, to bring the nation's land, both rural and urban, under public ownership, and further that this measure will rank high in order of priority in its programme. The expedients of the Uthwatt Report were an ingenious and honest compromise, though they were far from being simple or capable of rapid realisation. Since property and the Tory party have rejected this relatively satisfactory half-measure, there is everything to be said for returning to our own solution. No other will fully secure for the community the values which its own collective activity creates. The case for nationalising agricultural land has grown so much clearer during this war that it ought, if it were stated soberly yet boldly, to command wide assent. The nation has already assumed the functions of a progressive landlord. It manages its vast estate by a tight system of controls. It supplies capital equipment in the shape of cheap fertilisers and tractors. By subsidising tillage it is adding each season to the fertility of the soil. The new values it creates in these ways ought to belong to the community: they ought not to be reaped by the landlord in enhanced rents. Public ownership is, as the Uthwatt Committee argued, " the logical solution," while the *Economist*, after reminding us that it has " adherents far outside the ranks of the Labour Party," concedes that it may " ultimately prove to be the only workable solution." Need we incur further losses before we accept that conclusion?

FRANCE: THE TACTICS OF LIBERATION

[The author of this article has recently returned from a visit of inquiry in French North Africa.]

By the evening of November 8th, 1942 the Roosevelt plan of invasion by diplomacy seemed to have justified itself. After months of conspiracy through Robert Murphy, U.S. Counsellor of the Embassy and John Boyd, attaché of the economic mission, with individuals and groups who, for various reasons, were opposed to Vichy, the Americans were able to disembark at Sidi-Ferruch near Algiers, and to occupy the city without opposition. But within a month, liberated French North Africa was almost in a state of civil war, while the Americans who on arriving had been pelted with flowers in the Boulevard Baudin were already viewed with distrust. It is worth recalling the stages of decay in Franco-American relations in North Africa as a warning of what to avoid in France itself.

If North Africa is a precedent, the Roosevelt programme of liberation has three main phases. The first is that of diplomatic arrangements, with the short term object of overthrowing the German or pro-German authority, and preventing or reducing resistance to the Allied forces. In 1942, this common purpose brought together Frenchmen of the most different political sympathies. Henri d'Astier de la Vigerie, who led the insurrection in favour of the Americans on November 8th, 1942, was a Royalist. Lt.-Col. Jousse, his right-hand man, was a professional soldier and a traditionalist. José Aboulker, whose home in the 26, Rue Michelet was the H.Q. of the plot, was a Liberal and a Jew. While Boyd, with the help of Aboulker and his associate, was knitting together the secret organisation of Volontaires de Place who were to seize Algiers, Murphy was in touch with General Mast and General Giraud, through the agency of the ex-Cagoulards, Jean Rigaud and his friend, Lemaigre-Dubreuil. Lemaigre-Dubreuil, an old collaborator of the State Department, was already in 1940 acting as an intermediary with Weygand, intending that he should play what turned out to be Giraud's part in the North African landings. Rigaud was notable for his connection with the *Action Française*. But though the individuals and groups who worked with the Americans knew each other's past, they were able to co-operate for the common goal of November 8th.

After that date came the stage of diplomacy "without politics," henceforward called "expediency." This was the second phase of liberation in which Eisenhower's instructions were to encourage and protect an experienced, collaborative administration. During this Darlanist and later, Giraudist period, when the Vichyists flocked to Algiers to take office in the Fromentin, and patriots like Dr. Henri Aboulker were arrested on trumped-up charges of trying to assassinate Murphy and Giraud, the Americans stood by and watched the practice of their theory, that during the interregnum of occupation and the re-establishment of general suffrage, there should be "Government without politicians." The American myth that a business man or a professional soldier has no politics deserves attention, because these imaginary non-political characters are the usual alternatives to a de Gaulle administration which American diplomats in Algiers have to offer. No French business man or professional soldier is disinterested in the key question of politics, "who shall hold power in the State?" Pucheu, Lemaigre-Dubreuil and Giraud were as much politicians as Léon Blum, though they were not publicly associated with the traditional parties. While Giraud packed his administration with anti-democrats, he was harrying the pro-Allied helpers of the 1942 landings. The democrats reformed themselves in the now powerful association *Combat* under the Presidency of René Capitant. But as late as June 6th, 1944, the bitterness towards the Americans had not disappeared. The French charge of bad faith against the British had been transferred to the Americans.

What was the picture of Algiers in 1943 when the Americans were still favouring Giraud's collaborative administration? The French Army was being re-equipped by the Americans, but the process was slow. The French soldier liked his American uniform, but it irked him that he had to accept a uniform from the Americans—and, anyhow, when were the boots coming and what about another shirt? He felt the discomfort of a dependent, and was therefore irritated with his benefactor. The American soldiers, alien to North Africa and the French way of life, went into Algiers like tourists on an excursion. With their high spending power, they cleared the shops, and made life harder for the local inhabitants. Taking their views of France from Hollywood films, they would try to "date" the wife of a good bourgeois with a "Hey, Toots!" on the boulevard. Through lack of control at G4, the service of supply, a "black market" in American stores tantalised the hungry poor and demoralised the civic sense. To deal or buy in the "black market" was considered a joke. The workers and moneyless exiles of Algiers often saw the beggars scraping from the garbage bins, outside the American messes, a bigger breakfast than they themselves had eaten. In those days, an American private and an Italian prisoner-of-war had three times the basic ration of the French civilian.

Did the French in Algiers realise the generosity of the Americans in sending food, clothing and medical supplies to them? They realised it only in part. They were conscious rather that the Americans had a materially higher standard of life than their own, and that they behaved as though they thought they had a superior way of life. In March, 1944, envies, resentments and complaints were not limited to Gaullists. Giraud was already shaky at the Palais d'Eté. The Americans could not support him against de Gaulle's alternating frontal attack and infiltration. The Giraudists now began to mumble charges of unreliability and double dealing against the Americans. Giraud fell; and Lemaigre-Dubreuil left for Madrid. The mumble gets louder; and the Gaullists say that Lemaigre-Dubreuil has gone to France via Madrid in order to prepare a new Darlan for France. The Giraudists who have lost their jobs in the ex-C-in-C's bureaux are more disgruntled with Roosevelt than they are with their own chief.

On June 6th, 1944, in the third phase of liberation when the French, according to the plan, are to be encouraged and prepared to choose their own government, the Americans, the liberators of North Africa, are unpopular. The argument of the State Department against recognition of the Committee was that it has no mandate from the French people. And yet, if the Americans feared de Gaulle's alleged authoritarian tendencies, they would have done well to back not "non-political" business men, but the political delegates to the Assembly, individually men without *réclame*, but collectively, a loud voice for France. In the interest of expediency alone, the Americans would have done better to have supported the popular elements in North Africa, because it is they who have power. So will it be in France.

Gaullism is not a political idea expressing itself in a single party—though some Gaullists would have it so. Gaullism is the political idea of resistance leading to liberation, in which many different parties have a share. In that sense of the word, Gaullism, after the liberation, will no longer represent a programme for France. It will be merely an honoured memory. On the day of liberation, the idea of Gaullism will yield to the idea of France. Eisenhower's road to Paris will be easier if Roosevelt, without equivocation, accepts the National Committee as *the* Provisional Government of France. Does that mean that all Frenchmen must necessarily approve of de Gaulle's entourage—of Col. Gaston Palewski, for example, his Chef de Cabinet? It is a matter for Frenchmen to decide.

The question for the Allies is what help should be given to the liberated in helping them to choose their governments, to develop their institutions and to avoid the unhappy mistakes of North Africa. The operational officers of G5, the civil affairs side of SHAEF, are going into France, I am convinced, with the best intentions. Their commander is General Grasett, a Canadian. And they emphasise that their function is administrative, advisory and non-political. If they can arrange for a better social adjustment between the Allied forces and the local population than was the case in Africa, their existence will be justified. To ensure that the rate of exchange is reasonable and that the people are not deprived of food and consumers' goods should be one of their tasks, as much as to keep the drains in good order. Theirs is an interim function. And precisely for that reason, their job should also be political—to favour actively the reconstitution in liberated territories of trade unions, workers' clubs and co-operative societies.

But the function of G5 depends on the high policy of Britain and America. It will serve little for the G5 officer, however much he may have sloughed off an Amgot past, to establish good relations with local trade unionists, if, say, Lemaigre-Dubreuil is allowed to be a Minister of Production. The case is an extreme one. If Lemaigre-Dubreuil were to try to form an alternative Vichy Government, it would be the beginning of the Civil War in France, which Gaullists prophecy for such eventualities. In the liberation of France, the French people ask one thing from the Allies and the men of Algiers—sincerity of motive. France will welcome the opportunity of examining the Provisional Government on her own soil. And she will welcome her British and American liberators—even American business men—as long as she is sure that they have come for the benefit of the people and their democratic tradition. She will not suffer that those who come to liberate shall remain to prey.

MAURICE EDELMAN

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to X.Y.Z.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

I find it difficult, by the way, to believe that the Regent, Admiral Horthy, can have swallowed Hitler's doctrines as appearances seem to suggest; for he is a Presbyterian elder, who has made a special study of Scottish Church history, so full of examples as to relations between State and Church. On the occasion when I met him he made inquiries as to the present position of the United Original Secession Church in Scotland.—*The Christian World.*

A Savings Certificate will be given to every child born in wedlock in Corringham and Fobbing during the week.—*Salute the Soldier Programme.*

The women vigilantes of Woodbridge, Suffolk, are not to be daunted in their purity campaign. Their first experimental patrol, from 9 p.m. to 10, yielded not one case of a damsel in distress. But that, in the view of the vigilantes, is not because there are no distressful damsels: it is because the patrol chose the wrong time. The next is to be from 10 to 11.—*Star.*

Major Petherick said he did not know a single Conservative M.P. who tried to hinder trade with Russia before the war. Though we did not like the political system then prevailing in Russia, a succession of Governments had in fact tried to push British goods in Russia, including herrings.—*Parliamentary Report.*

A LONDON DIARY

Von runstedt's dismissal, as I understand it, is another proof that the Nazi leaders do not intend to run the risk of a political general trying to save Germany from national destruction. This view is confirmed by the speech of Goebbels, which seems to mean that if Germany is defeated this time, it will not be possible for the Army to repeat its tactics after the last war and to put the blame for the defeat on the civilians while waiting its chance to reorganise. The Nazi group know that they will be destroyed in any case and intend to play the Siegfried myth through to its end in *Götterdämmerung*. That alone explains why, even in their present desperate pass, these fanatics should have time and sadism enough to spare for the massacre of thousands of Hungarian Jews, and why they should reverse Ludendorff's intelligent refusal to employ terrorist weapons in 1918, although it is as obvious to-day as it was then, that they can only have the effect of exasperating their enemies.

* * *

All this makes it far more difficult to do the constructive thinking that ought to be occupying the minds of all of us. Yet we can begin with the assurance that Germany will not be strong enough to hurt anybody for many a long day. Indeed, I should confidently prophecy that, with an immensely stronger Russia sitting on her frontiers, the period of German aggression is over, as the much longer period of French aggression had worn itself out at the end of the Napoleonic Wars. Victory is usually fatal to thought, and to-day politicians are forgetting what they all knew and said earlier on in the war, that if the only result is to knock out the national enemy and leave the causes of war unchanged, the war will really have been lost. I remember a Conservative Member of the present Cabinet saying that "Hitler is the product of *want* in Europe, and if Capitalism cannot rid Europe of want, we shall have to change Capitalism." He said that in the days when victory looked far off. He talks now rather like Horatio Bottomley. I wish he and others, particularly Labour Ministers, would have the courage to repeat his statement in public now and say frankly that it is to questions of post-war organisation, political and economic, that the public should now direct its attention.

* * *

Sometimes the question is put to me whether the causes of war are political, economic or psychological ("spiritual" is an alternative word). The simplest reply is to put a counter question. If dogs are fighting over a bone, is the cause the scarcity and maldistribution of bones, the failure of their owners to keep them on a lead, or the nature of dogs? Obviously all three are correct answers, but if you wish to prevent dog fights, much depends upon which aspect you concentrate. Pacifists rightly say that the only permanent cure is to change canine (or human) nature. (Human *behaviour* is more malleable than canine.) Liberals of various types advocate a restraining organisation, and Socialists point out that you cannot work a political organisation that does not correspond to economic realities. The story of the Left between the two wars is the confusion of these three views. One difference is that after the last war Marxists bitterly denounced all who were in favour of supporting a League which did not change the economic system. This time, following the Soviet lead, Communists will be all supporting some new form of League. I think they will be right, as long as they also work for economic co-operation, because after this war the prestige of the Soviet Union and the obvious necessity everywhere of Socialist planning as the only alternative to chaos and unemployment will necessarily be dominant factors in the political life of the West. Judging from Werth's account of Soviet conduct in Rumania, and from other indications, we can assume an extremely moderate and co-operative attitude on the part of the U.S.S.R. itself.

I am glad to see that Ascarate, the able and cautious Spanish Ambassador in London during the civil war, in speaking to a Spanish Youth conference on Saturday, came out with some definite information about the help given by Franco's factories to Hitler's war machine. On the propaganda side Franco's radio and press has repeated with every meticulous elaboration the fantastic stories of Goebbels about London being a gigantic bonfire and so forth. Yet Franco must surely have been well informed. Since the withdrawal of diplomatic censorship the Spanish Ambassador here has presumably continued to send full reports of all that occurs to Franco.

* * *

Lord Beaverbrook has seduced so many Left journalists from the Labour fold that he can scarcely grudge Michael Foot's decision to join the staff of the *Daily Herald*. Michael Foot has always been a man of the Left, and he took the *Standard* as far as he could in that direction when he was editor. Now, with the war coming towards an end and a general election at last in the offing, he looks forward to nursing his constituency with more attention and to stating his opinions, I hope with unrestricted vigour, in regular articles in the *Daily Herald*.

* * *

I have heard regrets expressed that Count Sforza should be raking up the Matteotti murder and seeking a trial of those responsible. I agree in general that it is not good to go back twenty years looking for political criminals. But the Matteotti murder stands on a different footing from most. It was Mussolini's Reichstag Fire—the turning point when democrats had their last chance of stopping a Fascist revolution, and it was an open secret that Mussolini was personally involved. Significantly this journal was banned in Italy for saying so at the time, just as it was banned in Germany in 1933 for saying that Göring set fire to the Reichstag. I believe important documents bearing on the murder of Matteotti and the Duce's part in it are in the library of the London School of Economics.

* * *

I take the following from the *Catholic Herald* of June 23, 1944:

> If arsenic were mixed with the flour from which altar breads were made what would happen at the Consecration?
>
> No change whatever would occur in the arsenic, either in its substance or its chemical properties. If the quantity of arsenic present were large, the consecration would probably be invalid, i.e., there would be no transubstantiation of the bread. If the quantity was only small, the consecration would be valid.

* * *

I was glad to see that some British correspondents in France spoke of the ghastly suffering of French civilians in the destruction of the ancient town of Caen. Their suffering may be taken as symbolic of all the misery of common people in every country, who are almost as helpless and innocent of war guilt as if they were hit by an earthquake. We in this country should not forget the victims of Caen; no superbly organised fire services and rescue squads came to their help as they do to ours when the blitz, infinitely worse than ours, came upon them.

* * *

Two doodle-bomb stories are worth preserving. The first is the cockney's explanation of his own courage. "I see it like this," he said. "It must take the Germans a lot of trouble to make the bloody things, and then they have to get them into those pits and up into the air, and it is quite a long way from France to London, and if they do get to London, they have still got to find Hackney. And even then, it isn't everyone can find 37, Bulstrode Road, and if they do, ten to one I am in the pub!" The second comes from an American who said, most aptly, that flying-bombs made him feel like the slot in a roulette table. The board goes doodling around and then there is a tense pause, and then—Bing; it's in your slot or someone else's.

Critic

SPEAKING OF MIRACLES

Now that complete Security permits
The secret weapon's onslaught is revealed
And with the publication of the blitz,
The (Channel) weather secrets are unsealed.
Unfavourable weather now prevails,
Rain-clouds bear down, the stormblasts rage and howl,
With lightning, thunder, tempests, squalls and gales,
The weather (in the Channel) has been foul.

The lowering and unseasonable skies
Proclaim conditions palpably adverse,
The falling glass confounds the weatherwise,
The (Channel) weather could not well be worse.
The freakish gust, the loud winds piping shrill
Give aid and comfort to the enemy,
It's filthy weather (in the Channel) still,
Including Southern-England-by-the-Sea.

The torrents pour, the swollen clouds hang low,
The winds change round, but never to "set fair,"
(The Channel) fog encourages the foe
To launch his sightless couriers of the air.
Bogged in advance, and hampered in defence,
To grievous dispensation we must bow;
But verily, the ways of Providence
Were never so mysterious as now.

Sagittarius

YUGOSLAV OPTIMISM

Mr. Subasic is the first émigré Prime Minister to return to his country. On his arrival in liberated Yugoslav territory he greeted the guard of honour with the partisan salute "Death to Fascism!" The soldiers replied "Freedom to the People!" In these two symbolic phrases the first passport was issued to an exiled politician by the resistance movement of his homeland.

Events have taken a new and promising turn with the appointment of Subasic as Prime Minister. Unlike the majority of the Yugoslav émigrés, he has an excellent record which commends him to the Liberation Movement. The son of a peasant, himself a practical farmer, he fought in the Yugoslav Division of Volunteers during the last war. In public life he was a lawyer and an M.P. of the Croat Peasant Party, representing in Parliament the district in which the fight against the Nazi rulers of Yugoslavia started in 1941. Subasic is an intimate friend of Dr. Macek, the leader of the Croat Peasant Party, and before the war was Ban of Croatia—a position somewhat akin to governor. He has always been an ardent protagonist of Serb-Croat collaboration and friendship. During the period of emigration—which he spent in America—he was cold-shouldered by official Yugoslav circles. For, unlike some émigrés, he had only one idea and one purpose—the liberation of his country. Those years of steadfastness have now yielded fruit. One of the main difficulties that Tito faced in trying to reach any agreement with the Royal Yugoslav Government was the way its politicians were entangled in a mesh of personal and political vested interests. Mr. Subasic is free from such embarrassments. His loyalty and enthusiasm for the struggle of his people had already led him to offer to fight in the ranks of Tito's army, although he is over fifty.

Undoubtedly one of the most important reasons for the success of Subasic's mission was that the three great Powers had at last recognised that continued support for a Royal Government that remained unreformed was no longer possible. Not only would this have flown in the face of obvious political and military facts. It would also have been an impediment to the development of a proper strategy in Southern and South-Eastern Europe. Tito's army cannot be written off as a guerrilla diversion; it is a vital link in Teheran plans. Mr. Subasic was the man chosen to make the difficult attempt to co-ordinate the resources of the Yugoslav Government and the troops of the National Army of Liberation.

This government has now been created, based on the "democratic and fighting unity of all nations of Yugoslavia," and it is open to all democratic political forces. It has a simple programme. It is to give whole-hearted and unreserved support to the National Liberation Army; it is to prevent civil war; to co-ordinate Yugoslav policies with the policies of the Allies—particularly it aims to improve relations between the Royal Yugoslav Government and the Soviet Union; and it is to prepare the way for a regenerated federal democracy in Yugoslavia. Already the reconciliation is producing positive results. In America Attorney-General Biddle has removed the Mihailovitch agency in New York from the list of those recognised by the United Nations, and the American liaison officers with Mihailovitch have been withdrawn. The viciously reactionary Yugoslav ambassador, Mr. Fotich, has also been dismissed from his post. In Britain it is clear that the new beginning has the support and the blessing of the most influential political forces, and that there has been a very considerable increase in the amount of material assistance being sent and afforded to Marshal Tito. His military mission, led by General Velebit, is shortly to return to London. And on behalf of the Soviet Government, Mr. Molotov has sent a cordial message to Dr. Subasic promising support to his Cabinet and stating that he expects an early solution of all issues pending between the U.S.S.R. and the Yugoslav Government.

Meanwhile, what of Mihailovitch? He is no longer Minister of War, and we believe that the question of the command of the remaining Chetnik units will be solved without reference to him. The constitutional problem is to be shelved for the duration of the war, and King Peter has accepted the suggestion that he should attempt to regain the sympathy of his people by active aid to their struggle. There is still some opposition among the émigrés. This comes mainly from Serb émigrés who cannot understand that the new Yugoslavia will not be based upon Serb domination, and who cannot therefore abandon their support for Mihailovitch. A still more important centre of reactionary opposition is in the diplomatic circles. This journal has already remarked that the success of Subasic depends on the extent to which he purges the old diplomatic machine.

Dr. Subasic has now an unparalleled opportunity to lead his country towards liberation and democracy. The day may not be far off when we shall see a united Yugoslav Government, on its own soil, leading the struggle against the common enemy.

PENNY PARADISE

SINCE taxation and other causes have increased the price of so many things in recent years, I have noticed a wistful expression coming on the faces of some of the older generation when they begin to talk about the prices which were current in the Golden Age—or ought we to call it the Copper Age?—of their young manhood. Especially in public houses the elderly are given to recalling the vanished cheapness of the poor man's luxuries. "Why, bless my soul," I heard a grey-haired publican saying the other day, "when I first started in this business, a customer would come in and ask for a glass of beer and put down a penny. And that wasn't all he got for his penny. We kept clay pipes in stock for our customers, and, if he wanted one, he got it for nothing. And, if he wanted a box of matches, he could have that for nothing, too. All this, mind you, and all we got for it was a penny. I sometimes wonder how we made it pay, but we did."

As one listened to him, one felt that one might almost have been listening to a passage from some Utopian romance. In Utopia, as it is imagined by the best people, perhaps, the customer would have been given the beer, too, for nothing; but to get beer, a pipe, and matches for a penny is probably as near Utopian conditions as most of us dare to conceive in our dreams.

I know an old age pensioner who has again and again said to me, when putting down his tenpence for a pint of beer: "I remember the time when I could get this for twopence." As he fills his pipe with tobacco, costing something in the neighbourhood of two shillings an ounce, he tells me: "Threepence an ounce it used to cost. We'll never see that again." He smiles a little wryly as he comments on the change. At the same time there is a certain pride in his tone, as though he wished to convey to his younger auditors how much they missed in not having been born between seventy and eighty years ago. He and his coevals have lived in Arcadia: they have drunk ale in the Country of the Young. His grandchildren have been born in exile from this penny paradise, and it is doubtful whether, however long they live, they will even be able to visit it.

Like the old age pensioner, I, too, can hardly help feeling that I am describing a wonderland when I tell one of the young that I once lived in a city in which a small whisky cost twopence, and a "special" twopence halfpenny, and where twopence was the ordinary price of a pint of porter or a bottle of Guinness. It was considered a breach of the decencies in some circles in which every penny mattered to ask for a drink that cost more than twopence. A frequently told story of the time concerned a man in a public house who, on being asked what he would have to drink, said: "I guess I'll have a Bass"—the price of which was twopence-halfpenny—to which the man who was treating him replied: "Guess again, and guess bitter." The story, I have no doubt, was founded on fact. In the hotel bars, however, where the sons of the wealthy forgathered, drinks usually cost threepence.

Cigarettes, on the other hand, were dearer in my boyhood than in later years of my youth. When I first became a secret, though still only an occasional smoker, a packet of ten cigarettes cost sixpence—a price which ultimately fell to twopence. I do not think pipe tobacco cheapened proportionately. My first pipe mixture cost me fourpence-halfpenny an ounce, and in the strong air of the seaside I used sometimes to buy an ounce of plug or twist for threepence. Youths with recherché tastes used to pay sevenpence an ounce for a tobacco called Old Judge, but this was regarded by most smokers as an extravagance, beyond the normal pocket.

It is a curious fact that, when men gloat over the low prices of the past, it is nearly always of the luxuries they are thinking. Economic historians are interested in the price of the 2lb. loaf fifty years ago, but I have never heard it mentioned in casual conversation in an inn. Many people like myself, who do not happen to be responsible for paying household bills, could not even tell you what the 2lb. loaf costs to-day. If I sat down to an examination paper in which all the questions referred to the current prices of the necessaries of life, I doubt whether I could secure a single mark. I know neither what milk nor what meat costs. The price of a pound of sugar is as far outside the scope of my knowledge as the area of the Caspian Sea.

Even so, as a reader I can easily become absorbed in lists of prices. I like to learn what a chicken cost in the time of Queen Elizabeth and how much people had to pay for a pound of tea in the reign of Queen Anne. I like to know even what a pound of apples cost as recently as the Victorian Nineties. Hence, it was with considerable pleasure that I read a postcard recently sent to me on the back of which was printed a catalogue of the prices charged for a great variety of articles in Hull fifty years ago or so. The compiler of the postcard has taken his facts from the advertisements that appeared at the time in the Hull newspapers. Some of the prices, I confess, astonish me. Take, for example, the prices of boots and shoes of all sizes in 1890:—

> Ladies, 1/4d.; Beaded toes, 1/11d.; Satin shoes all colours, 2/11d.; Real Morocco calf, 3/11d.; Gents' genuine calf, all sizes, 4/11d.; Girls' patent Oxford shoes, 2/6d. and 2/8d.

These prices seemed all the more incredible to me, since I clearly remembered going into a shop, as a schoolboy, to be measured for a pair of boots which were to cost 30/-. It was the dearest shop in the town, no doubt, but I should have been surprised to hear that there was even one local shop in which I could have got boots of any kind for 4/11d. a pair. Most people considered that the American boots which began to be imported in great numbers a year or two later and cost 16/6 a pair were marvels of cheapness.

Hull, however, seems to have been a remarkably economical town in which to do one's shopping. Butterscotch, for example, was advertised at 1½d. a lb. I was, myself, a butterscotch addict, but I never paid less than 4½d. a packet for it, and that was in a shop that boasted of its popular prices. What I paid for acid drops I cannot remember; in Hull in 1897 they cost 2d. a lb. I can readily believe that a pound of dates could be bought for a penny; as a child, I used to go into a small shop for a halfpennyworth of sweets and was given an enormous quantity for my money.

Jam, on the other hand, seems to have been exceedingly cheap at 3d. for a two pound jar. I remember when I was occasionally hard up at the beginning of the century, and living for the time being on bread and jam, I paid 6½d. for a 3lb. pot of the cheapest jam in London and thought I was getting a bargain.

Bacon and ham I never bought, so that I cannot say whether bacon was abnormally cheap at from 2¾d. to 3½d. a pound, or ham at from 3½d. to 6d. Nor does it surprise me to hear that Australian butter costs 9½d. a pound, milk a penny a pint, a haircut 2d. and a shave 1d. I have myself been shaved for 1½d.

Can it be, however, that all the citizens of Hull lived in this luxury of cheapness? Not all of them, I am sure, lived in two-roomed houses paying a rent of 1/9d. a week. A substantial minority at least must have smoked cigarettes other than those that could be bought for six a penny. It is difficult to believe that the leading merchants, even those most given to saving, were content to wear those keyless watches that cost only 2/11d.

The publisher of the card containing these facts gives it as a heading, "The Happy Nineties." The adjective would be more convincing if we did not remember the price of labour in the Nineties, which was often as incredible in its cheapness as that of butterscotch or keyless watches. I knew a powerful agricultural labourer of those days who did the main part of the work on a good sized farm for a wage of eight shillings a week, his mid-day dinner and a free cottage. Women working in the fields earned 10d. a day for thinning turnips, as back-breaking a job as one could imagine. Corporation employees were paid so penuriously that they demanded a minimum wage of £1 a week, and that was resisted by many good citizens as an unwarranted extravagance. Many people in the Nineties, I fancy, would have thought our earnings to-day as Utopian as we think the price of their beer and bacon. In either case the Utopia is somewhat illusory. It is true that in the year 1901 one could lunch excellently in London on roast beef and two vegetables for 6½d.; but one did not always possess 6½d. The glass of beer at a penny was cheap but not so cheap if you had only a few pence in your pocket. The penny paradise had its enjoyable side, but it was not an out-and-out paradise all the time. I cannot think of Heaven merely as an enormous shop, out-Woolworthing Woolworths in its prices. I can look back, indeed, on those days of cheap acid drops and cheap haircuts without a twinge of envy.

Y. Y.

DOODLE-FREE

At last my fortitude and my judgment both ave way; not from fear of the Doodle-bug, but om broken nights. I was unable to think of nything but sleep, and a cumulating headache nderlined the obsession. Of course, those of s who have not been hurt or blasted have not uch to complain of. But, as it happens, there no corner of my flat sheltered from glass, and hough the local shelter is the best permitted by e local circumstances, it smells of damp, drain, t; and it is not a place to sleep in. So I said to yself that perhaps one person could find a bed mewhere, packed a rucksack, and took the train a country town.

Naturally, its four hotels were full. Then I ok a bus to a village. Its inn was full, too; Till October," said a sympathetic manager. I sked in the baker's and the post office, but there as not a bed to be had in the place; certainly ot for two nights only. A woman standing next me at the post office slid me a sharp glance. Ferret-faced beast!" I thought. "You'll be aking a fine story of refugees rushing abjectly om London! I bet you have masses of rooms ut because you haven't servants!" Probably e lady was a good Christian, housing children p to her attics; but such is the injustice of asperation.

So I thought: "By Gum, I'll just see if harles II was right about sleeping out of doors the English climate," and boarded a bus which an under a hill. I got out below the ridge, went the top and looked at the other side. It was erfect. A steep escarpment fell down, away om the road and the wind. It was wooded, with learings. Most of the spaces glittered with racken, but two triangles showed the duller green f grass, and in one of them was a corrugated-iron hed. When I reached it it proved to be empty nd clean, too, with open sides. But the sun still hone. I ate my sandwiches, lay in the shade of young birch tree, and felt peace flowing in me ke a tide.

Soon the sky was overcast, and midges rose om the grass and settled on my legs. "It is oing to rain," I thought, and so it was. I picked p my sack and went off to the shed. It was a ig one, fifty feet by twenty. The roof was urved, there was an iron partition running partay down the middle, and iron walls filling part f both sides. The floor was of sand, tunnelled ith a dozen rabbit-holes, and two which seemed me very big for rabbits—a badger? I wonlered. The eastern aperture looked out on a abbit warren; the west was walled with bracken; one spot in the shed a drip from the roof had llowed a tall bracken to spring. As a rule I am o admirer of corrugated iron, but this structure eemed beautiful to me.

I scooped out a form for my shoulder and hips eside the middle partition and spread my newsapers over my legs for warmth. Here and now declare that the *Times* has one point of definite uperiority over the *Daily Herald*; it makes much etter blankets. The rain drummed softly on e iron roof; there was no wind. I lay still while e light died.

There were small, cautious movements at the nd of the shed where the big burrows were. Twice the iron said "Tonk!" as if someone nocked it in passing. I had a companion all ight. But I lay moveless; after all, I was the ewcomer, and it was too dark to see, if I had at up. Anyhow, it was the badger's turn for aking—if it was a badger—and mine for sleep. sleep, asleep.

An alert woke me, sounding from the nearest illage. "Doodle-Doodle" went a plane over the hed. "My God! do they come so far out of heir way?" I thought, and put my face into the and. Then there was the furious uproar of a ighter overhead. I ran out and saw it scoot cross the skyline, lit up. The silence returned; n owl dropped noiselessly out of an oak, putting ur hunting methods to shame. But a night-jar aid "Churr-churr" quietly and persistently, as if to demonstrate that he could make just such a stuffless, mechanic sound as an aeroplane. I stumbled back and fell instantly asleep.

When next I woke I thought the dawn had come. The owl's oak-tree, visible through the aperture of the shed, was lighted in every leaf. But when I looked out the light was coming from a moon, just past the full. It lay above the ridge, with low clouds drifting over its face. The rain had stopped, but it had cooled the air. I was chilled, and walked several times up and down my clearing to warm up. It was so light that there was no danger of tripping on a rabbit-hole. On my return I draped the newspapers against the cold breath from without.

Next time I was awakened by strong shudders racking my body. My mouth was full of the taste of mist. When I went out, the glade was a-swim with cloud. A vague smear of light showed the place of the moon. But the eastern, lower side was clearer; the oak stood black against pallor; the dawn was coming.

As the light rose, the mist seeped up the slope. There was a wonderful dawn-chorus for so late in the year, a thrush leading. It had been a restless night; yet I felt new-made; the headache was gone. But I had soaked my feet walking up and down the slope to fight that last cold spell. They were gelid. There are just two things you can do about cold, wet shoes. One is to take them off; the other is to walk them warm. I folded up my bedding, very damp now and the worse for wear, packed it in my pillow-rucksack, and took my way through the woods. It was near six o'clock.

This simple story would not be worth the telling were it not for its moral. Which is this. Of course, Londoners can take the Doodle-bug. And of course we have no desire to fuss when the men are away fighting in so much more danger, suffering what makes our periodic bombardment seem silly. Some of us are pretty tired all the same. So if country people know of friends in London, they would be doing a great kindness in offering them somewhere to sleep at the week-ends or on their day off. They need not give food, for their visitors will gladly bring their own; nor a bed; let them not suppose that we are unused to lying on hard floors. Big House, Little House, Pig-sty, Barn—we are not particular. There are many who do this kindness; I myself have friends so generous that they have offered me hospitality. But there are plenty of people who would be glad of sleep; and the givers of sleep would find them very grateful, as grateful as I am to the National Trust, which, last night, was my unconscious host.

FREDA WHITE

DOODLE-FREE

DOING THE ACADEMY'S JOB

THE current exhibitions at the Leicester and Redfern Galleries offer a catholic representation of contemporary English painting. It would be possible to discover the accidental absence of a few interesting artists—there is nothing, for instance, by William Scott or Lawrence Gowing—but between them these two shows successfully perform the function in which the Royal Academy so conspicuously fails, and they include works by the best of those painters who have let themselves be involved in that Olde Worlde institution. Mr. Paul Nash has recently suggested that some of the rooms in the summer exhibition at Burlington House should be devoted to works of this order, to be selected by a body independent of the Royal Academy, so that the great British public could obtain a fair general view of what painters in this country are doing. But how can he expect Sir Alfred Munnings and his crew to welcome a proposal that would both give less space for their own products and propagate the art they consider "subversive"? The scheme if executed might be useful, and it is wrong in principle that artists should depend, for the opportunity to exhibit their works, entirely upon dealers and upon societies such as the London Group, which in recent years has not shown great perspicacity in either inclusion or exclusion. But in practice this indefensible system is at the moment not inefficient, because there are dealers with the acumen to welcome good painting of every sort. I doubt whether any selection committee would show greater discrimination. The disadvantage of course is that dealers, having high rent and rates to pay, take a commission of 33⅓ per cent., which they may be said to earn only when, as often but not always, they are genuinely interested in the individual painter. I would add that enormous exhibitions, whether there is a good jury, a bad jury or no jury at all, are unappetising. But I should like to see an annual exhibition at Burlington House, not concurrent with the Royal Academy show, and restricted to artists who do not exhibit there. Even if this were of no great help to painters, it would at least remove a legitimate grievance.

Most of the pictures at the Leicester and Redfern Galleries are by artists well known to connoisseurs. At the Redfern, de Pisis, Vanessa Bell, Derek Hill, Ginner, Uhlman, and Mary Kessel are represented by particularly happy works. Of less well-known artists Kenneth Lee, Hale Asaf, Stephen Bone and Anna Mayersohn can be recommended to the attention of the visitor. The foreign works include a coloured print of Matisse's decoration for the Barnes Foundation—a fascinating and immensely considered design. The most striking pictures at the Leicester Galleries are a group by Ivon Hitchens representing St. John the Baptist by the Jordan. Caroline Lucas, Stephen Bone, Kenneth Green, S. M. H. St. George, Clifford Hall and Sonia Mervyn contribute paintings that merit no less attention than those of their celebrated fellows. A painting called *Equestrienne* 1885 by John Lewis Brown (1829–1890) reveals a most accomplished artist. One learns without surprise that despite his name he was a Frenchman.

Judging current English painting, as I think it is reasonable to do, by these exhibitions one can conclude that the number of tasteful and accomplished artists in this country is greater now than it has been for a century. Apart from a few young painters who strike me as in the true sense decadent, most of the exhibitors compose with care and reveal some sensibility in handling. We seem a long way still from any impressive revival of the English School, but at least we have recovered a tradition of craftsmanship.

ROGER MARVELL

THE MOVIES

"Justice is Coming," at the Tatler.

"The Great Moment," at the Plaza (Monday).

The ups and downs in the life of a film-reviewer save him from inanition. He has decided perhaps—especially in these bomb-infested weeks—that cinemas provide a very comfortable chair for dozing, when suddenly the screen will come to life in a series of shocks. On the same day, for example, he may be switchbacked from *Follow the Boys* or *Up in Mabel's Room*, to the Kharkov trials, and from Kharkov to Preston Sturges. I found the Tatler packed for *Justice is Coming*, the Russian documentary, which had been much advertised by the press; public hangings aren't often filmed. How many of the audience went there to gloat I don't know, but here and there one felt the atmosphere of the bull-ring. The knitters and picnickers will always come out where there's a guillotine, a Landru, a Kharkov trial to excite them. This isn't a criticism of the film (which was made for Russians and even more for Germans), but of the audience. Oh, it behaved itself a good deal better than audiences of fiction films like *Bataan*, in which the bayonetting of Japs, I remember, produced squeals of delight; but the effect of actual horrors, as here, is rather different. We haven't, as an uninvaded nation, the reason of the right to feast on atrocities. The effect of *Justice is Coming*, if it were generally shown in this country, would be not so much to toughen as to make vicious, to increase the demand for such spectacles here after the war. Most of the indictment in *Justice is Coming* is painfully familiar: torture and murder of civilians, the firing squad, the death van. Three Nazi officials and a Russian quisling stood trial; and their defence, such as it was, consisted in the plea that they were carrying out orders from higher up. That, of course, will be the plea of every Nazi, even the most highly placed, when the time comes. Relentlessly and monotonously the camera gives us close-ups of the accused as they face the court, the mike, the arc-lights, and finally the scaffold. The trial was very thoroughly staged, and its effect on the Nazis should be even stronger than that of the blitzkrieg films with which Hitler used once to bombard neutrals. Otherwise, the film is more revealing of Russian intentions and inflexibility than of Nazi crimes we know already.

It is a very long jump to Preston Sturges—and a rather different Preston Sturges from the fantasies of *Palm Beach Story* and *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*. His new film begins in the tone of sentimental biography—here is another of "America's unheralded heroes," Dr. William Morton, a Boston dentist in the 'Forties—but soon the comedy and thrills of early dentistry begin to assert themselves. The patients yell, there is a disastrous experiment with laughing gas, and Dr. Morton (Joel McCrea) on the track of ether provides delicious moments of heroism and slapstick. Wifie (Betty Field) is always trying to get him to come up to bed or finding him with the ether bottle uncorked—drunk again! But at last the first "painless extraction" is achieved, and the fortune made with Letheon is lost again when Morton decides to give up his patent for the sake of humanity. This film is an odd mixture of memoirs, caricature and fun, and if it lacks the wild enchantment of *Palm Beach Story*, the extravagance and pity of *Sullivan's Travels*, it is still a genuine Sturges product.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The Chanticleer

There will always be room in London for the little theatre. It belongs to its neighbourhood, it provides a club, it gives a chance to new actors and the rarely seen masterpiece. The Chanticleer, in a bye-lane of Earls Court, is charmingly designed for its purpose, with—as the management points out—a concrete roof overhead; and we may hope to see there plays which for one reason or another rank as "uncommercial." The programme changes fortnightly; a few weeks ago the bill was made up with three one-acters, including Pirandello's *The Man with the Flower in his Mouth*; last week, there was Strindberg's *Miss Julie*; this week and next André Frère described as "the French counterpart of Ruth Draper," is giving a one-man show. Strindberg's drama was written with just such a theatre in mind, and though its lessons of realism have been learnt this remains a play capable of electrical effect. Miss Marcella Sulzer as Julie, unfortunately, lacked the necessary flame for the part; she gave us, not so much a fallen autocrat, as a willing and tearful accomplice. This piece of miscasting queered the situation so that little of Julie remained except her nerves, and the cynicism of the valet (well played by Peter Noble) appeared too well-bred. Miss Julie is one of the parts for which every generation has cast its favourite: at the moment, Miss Sonia Dresdel or Miss Pamela Brown would provide a good choice. As it was, we might have been listening to a story by Lawrence read in the tones meant for Somerset Maugham. A pity. But theatre-goers would do well to keep an eye on the programmes at the Chanticleer.

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Correspondence

FREE THOUGHT AND THE B.B.C.

SIR,—Our country is fighting for liberty. This motive, more than any other, strengthens our purpose and inspires our fighting men. It is central to the Atlantic Charter, and within that Charter religious liberty takes a foremost place.

Nevertheless in this country, we are not widening religious liberty but perhaps beginning to lose it. Religious thought and teaching reach our people to-day far more widely through the Radio than in Church or Chapel. Every listener, whatever his or her denomination or philosophic belief, pays equally for the services of the Public Utility known as the B.B.C. Yet the Director-General of the B.B.C. has ordered, with the acquiescence of the B.B.C. Governors, that with rare exceptions no religious talks are to be allowed over the air unless they are "within the main stream of the Christian tradition." The Director of Religious Broadcasting, Dr. J. W. Welch, with the assent of the B.B.C.'s Religious Advisory Committee, interprets this broadly to mean Anglicans, Roman Catholics and the principal Nonconformist bodies.

Few citizens are aware that the B.B.C. rule out almost altogether any talks by Unitarians, by Jews, or by thinkers on pantheistic lines. Hardly anything is to reach the ears of listeners about Christian Science, about Spiritualism or about Rationalism. The recent broadcasts on humanism by Dr. Julian Huxley and Dr. Gilbert Murray were notable exceptions.

This action of the B.B.C. Religious Advisory Committee somewhat resembles that of the High Priest's Council which was rebuked by Gamaliel. It has a sinister likeness to the attempts in the past of the Established and Roman Churches to oppose the spread of knowledge regarding the origins of the Books of the Bible, and about Darwinian discoveries. And, which is worse, it is rather in line with the refusal of Hitler and Fascist Dictators to permit the voicing of any opinion of which they disapprove.

Were it not for two causes, first the war and secondly the regrettable lack of public interest in the deeper things of the mind, our nation would long ere now have shown its disapproval of the obscurantist attitude of the B.B.C. and its clerical Broadcasting Committee.

The Religious Advisory Committee of the B.B.C., so far as is known, elects itself. In a land which claims to be democratic the people are allowed no say in choosing the committee or reviewing their decisions. In theory Parliament can intervene: in practice an appeal to the responsible Minister would meet with little success, unless the traditional love of our country for freedom and fairness can be effectively aroused. We ask your help and the help of all liberty-loving people to make these facts widely known.

On the recent 200th Anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States, President Roosevelt in dedicating a Memorial to him quoted these great words of Jefferson: "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of man." This tyranny has begun to appear in Britain.

DR. L. P. JACKS,
THE REVD. F. H. AMPHLETT MICKLEWRIGHT,
LT.-COL. E. N. MOZLEY (Radio Freedom League),
JOHN PARKER, M.P.,
DR. R. F. RATTRAY, Ph.D.,
THE REVD. R. SORENSEN, M.P.

SIX AND EIGHTPENCE

SIR,—Your legal correspondent who wrote "Six and Eightpence" must forgive me for pointing out a most serious omission from his article. I am painfully aware that owing to the high costs of litigation many citizens, particularly working class citizens, are scared to exercise their legal remedies when faced with personal misfortune, loss or damage or injustice. Quite apart from the pecuniary aspect of "going to law," I think there also might be a deep psychological aversion to being what is called "mixed up with lawyers." Certainly there is a wide gulf fixed between justice in the abstract and the practical administratio of justice as it affects the British citizen.

Many leading jurists and others have long recognise this fact, and as your correspondent indicates, vario well-meaning agencies have been set up to assist th poor man in his quest for justice. Within narro limitations, I am sure many of these bodies are doin excellent work, but they all exhibit the same fat weakness in so far as they are all tainted with the cu of charity. I looked in vain for some reference t the largest single agency in this country whic provides legal protection and assistance as of right t round about seven million working men and wome namely the British Trade Union Movement. Th is one of the most vital functions of a trade union.

Speaking personally for my own organisation, whic caters for upwards of a quarter of a million member I can say that expert legal advice and assistance i constantly available to all who need it and are qualifie to receive it by possession of their trade union card The daily post bag never fails to bring a wide range o legal problems for attention by the central administration, and hundreds of cases are passing continuall through the hands of the Legal Department. Naturall the great majority arise from industrial accident running down, infringements of the Factory Acts an disputes regarding Workmen's Compensation. Wher litigation cannot be avoided, or where a vital principl involving the interests of other members are at stake the Union never hesitates to sponsor the necessar action, and fights to win. But, generally, I am happ to say, the bulk of claims which have any vali foundation in law are settled amicably and favourabl in direct negotiation by the Union.

The part played by trade unions in this sphere o social activity has probably resulted over the years i a greater measure of justice being secured in and out o court than most people realise, including possibl your own legal correspondent. Until access to justic becomes as free as air to every man, the working ma who remains a non-unionist does so at his peril o finding himself an unequal citizen before the law.

I am not sure if your contributor intends to sugges that poor folk should now be given some nationa system of panel solicitors in addition to panel doctors If so, there may be something in the proposal to agitate the minds of the Law Society and others. It seems to me, however, that before any such radical step is contemplated the whole cumbersome and archaic system of legal administration will need drastic revision. What a glorious day *that* will be for the head-hunters of Carey Street!

J. T. PRICE

INDULGENCIES

SIR,—An indictment of the Archbishop of Winnipeg is founded on an alleged reprint of a letter sent by him to Catholic parents. The document make Critic "feel as angry as Luther and for the same reasons." The question arises—which document, the Pastoral letter (which Critic has not seen) or the leaflet issued by the *Gospel Witness and Protestant Advocate* of Toronto? To accept from such a source the authenticity of a Catholic document would be like accepting as ungarbled a letter written by Marshal Stalin in a version by Goebbels in *Das Reich*.

You state that "the boy whose parents pay up and join this Catholic society automatically possesses a guarantee, should he be killed, that he will go at once to his Maker." If Critic believes that the Archbishop of Winnipeg or any other Catholic Bishop could write such arrant nonsense he manifests a terrifying credulity. Categorically and *a priori* I deny that the Archbishop of Winnipeg has been guilty of the heresy and chicanery of which he is accused in your journal. I am replying to-day to a letter just received from the Apostolic Delegate in Washington. I shall ask him to furnish me with a copy of the Archbishop's statement. If *per impossibile* he has been correctly quoted by the *Gospel Witness*, I undertake to write a humble withdrawal and send you a year's subscription for THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to be presented to our troops fighting for the four freedoms.

JOHN C. HEENAN

The Presbytery, Manor Park, E.12.

[Father Heenan suggests that Critic's "terrifying credulity" has made him the victim of fraudulent isrepresentation ; other Catholic correspondents do ot claim that the letter is a forgery, but inquire whether its meaning has been distorted by quotation ut of context. The leaflet circulated by the *Gospel Witness and Protestant Advocate* purports to be "an xact photographic reproduction" and gives the Archbishop's address in Winnipeg, the date (March 1st, 944) and his signature. The letter is also reprinted n the French-Canadian paper *Le Jour*, in both French nd English, and this text corresponds exactly with hat of the leaflet. If this is a hoax it is extremely laborate, and, strangely, seems to have produced o denial in Canada. Both these documents are in his office and can be inspected. Father Heenan has een rather too hasty in his categorical and *a priori* enials. If he cares to see the letter, he will also ppreciate that Critic gave a fair and accurate summary f its content.—Ed., *N.S. & N.*]

ELECTRIFYING SCOTLAND

SIR,—It has been announced that the first three chemes for the hydro-electrification of the Highlands re passed by the Secretary of State for Scotland and y the Electricity Commissioners. Unless objections re raised to them in ninety days from June 29th they ill be regarded as settled. But no possibility of bjection is provided, for neither maps nor plans ave been published, nor is there any opportunity f the people seeing what the plans are. It is reported hat the planning is appalling, such as would never ave been sanctioned by the Amenities Committee, which, however, was carefully placed in the Hydro-lectricity Bill in a situation where it was not consulted n the planning at the early stages, and cannot voice ublic criticism on the plans as drawn up.

The question is of national importance, such that inety days, in a war, with all the young Highlanders erving abroad, is far too little time for consideration. t seems that Ben Vorlich is to be tunnelled, and one f the most beautiful and most populous glens spoiled, s the far less beautiful Ben Nevis has been spoiled by unnelling. There is also the plan for Morar. This, roperly designed, could be an unobtrusive power-house, as are some of those in the French Alps. But esign it ill, and we shall have ruined what many eople think the loveliest place in Northern Europe. The Loch Sloy dam seems to rejoice in the prospect f disfiguring Loch Lomond, the pride and play-ground of the Glasgow people, who show their love f it by refraining from littering its shores. They are oor folk ; but they show a more civilised sensibility han their masters.

In part, this extraordinary method is due to the omposition of the Northern Electricity Board, which onsists, in its important members, entirely of engineers, and contains no representative of the wider interests of the nation. In part it inheres in a fascist method of administration, which pays no heed to public feeling. If Mr. Tom Johnston really wants to carry out his pledge that the plans will be open to public inspection, the least that he can do is to have clear maps and drawings published in the daily papers and exhibited in the towns and country centres of Scotland, and in England, at least at London and the county towns. Otherwise the period for objections is clearly meant to be a farce. It should, in wartime, be lengthened, to allow of the Forces expressing their views.

Mr. Johnston's own reputation, and that of our generation is involved in the immense changes which this electricity will make in the Highland scene. He surely does not want to suffer the illfame of the Edinburgh Town Councillors, who for a twopenny gain, ruined Princes Street by running the railway along the Castle Rock. He cannot want future generations to say : "This was once superb country, till the greed of Big Business, and the Philistinism of the Government, wrecked it irretrievably, and robbed the people of beauty for ever." FREDA WHITE

THE PROPHET NIETZSCHE

SIR,—According to the *Times* (July 6th) Sir Samuel Hoare, British Ambassador to Spain, addressed his fellow guests at a luncheon given to him by the British Chamber of Commerce. Here he described his "reflections on the economic future of Europe as the views of a Good European and practical politician, who had learned in the troubled period between the two wars the necessity of the pursuit of the common economic objective."

The word "Good European" was coined sixty years ago by Nietzsche. He foresaw the danger of that pseudo-religious Nationalism, which has led us to two world wars and the consequent dislocation of commerce. In Nietzsche's *Peoples and Countries* (volume XIII of the translation, p. 225) Nietzsche predicts : "The small countries of Europe will in a short time become economically untenable." But Nietzsche's admonition to become good Europeans, instead of Bad Nationalists, remained a cry in the wilderness.

On May 26th in a speech to his electors in Chelsea Sir Samuel Hoare made another startling, but to me self-evident, statement : "The dangers of the After-War," he said, "will not be Capitalism or Communism, but Nihilism."• This Nihilism was likewise foreseen, and before the world wars, by Nietzsche. His brilliant prophecy of this event is to be found in the "Will to Power," Volume I (IXth volume of translation), whose first part bears the title "European Nihilism." The book was written 1885–88. In its preface Nietzsche states : "The whole of our culture in Europe has long been writhing in an agony of suspension, which increases from decade to decade as if in expectation of a catastrophe : restless, violent, helter-skelter, like a torrent that will reach its goal and refuses to reflect, that even dreads reflection." Nietzsche likewise claims here that he personally "has already outlived Nihilism in his own soul—that he has outgrown, overcome and dismissed it."

To those who are not versed in Nietzsche's mode of expression I might suggest that the appropriate and political translation of Nihilism is Chaos. Yet the prophet of this Chaos was (and is still partly) singled out as the villain of the chaos ! OSCAR LEVY

(Editor of the authorised English
translation of Nietzsche's works.)

BLADDERS OF PHILOSOPHY

SIR,—Critic asks for the source of Mr. Montague's quotation about "bladders of philosophy." It is evidently taken from the Earl of Rochester's "A Satire against Mankind (c. 1679) *v.* ll. 12–21 :—

Reason, an *ignis fatuus* of the mind,
Which leaves the light of Nature, sense, behind ;
Pathless and dangerous wand'ring ways it takes
Through error's fenny bogs and thorny brakes :
Whilst the misguided follower climbs, with pain,
Mountains of whimsies, heap'd in his own brain ;
Stumbling from thought to thought falls headlong down
Into doubt's boundless sea, where, like to drown,
Books bear him up awhile, and make him try
To swim with bladders of Philosophy . . ."

JOHN HAYWARD

THE DOODLE-BUG

SIR,—When I read that the Buzz-bomb, *alias* Zombie, etc., etc., had been called a doodle-bug, I confess I was puzzled. Recourse to the dictionary, or dictionaries, revealed that the term could signify any of the following : "A whirring, droning insect, a big dung beetle. A kind of beetle which lives in the ground. By calling 'doodle' near the holes it is said the bugs will come out. The same used as fishing bait" (O.E.D.). "The larva of the ant lion" (Webster, also Funk and Wagnall). "A small cheap car"—1935 (Partridge). "A divining rod used in oil fields ; a fake instrument used to find oil pools" (Weseen). The so-called U.E.D. properly treats it as beneath mention. The one thing it apparently does *not* mean is someone who jitterbugs to the doodlesack.

Poole. GEORGE RICHARDS

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JONATHAN CAPE

PROVIDENTIAL WEATHER

Sir,—The opinion maintained by some of your correspondents—and by a fairly large section of the community—that God was responsible for the weather at Dunkirk but not for the weather on the Normandy beaches seems to be a pleasant variation on Robert Montgomery's theory that God made the thunder but the lightning made itself.

Bournemouth. Harold Binns

THE ETHICS OF THE *WESTERN MAIL*

Sir,—May I reply to the article of your issue of July 8th, in which you have written me a lecture on the ethics of journalism? As I intend publishing this letter in the *Western Mail*, I shall also publish at the same time your letter of June 9th to me. I have not previously published it for reasons stated below, but so that your attack on the *Western Mail* in trying to justify your extraordinary conduct may be seen in the proper light I shall do so.

When the article in the New Statesman and Nation of March 18th appeared I was in a nursing home. I gave instructions that no reply was to be made, because no one in the coal industry would be deceived by the gross mis-statements in the article.

A member of the *Western Mail* staff wrote to you anonymously as a private person and without my knowledge. I was sorry he did so, and I agree that he could have made the necessary points in a much shorter letter.

When your article appeared in the *Eighth Army News* new issues arose. They were:

(1) Grossly inaccurate statements about the coal strike in South Wales were given wide publicity in the Eighth Army.

(2) The *Eighth Army News* did not acknowledge the source of the article, which it published one month and seven days after its appearance in your paper: both facts being evidence of liaison between the papers.

(3) You had refused to publish corrections on matters of fact, and the Eighth Army men had no means of checking the article.

The leading article "Facts and Fancies" then appeared in the *Western Mail*. It gave March 18th and April 25th as the dates on which your article appeared in the New Statesman and Nation and the *Eighth Army News*, and the intervening period as seven days.

You may make what debating point you will of this error in arithmetic, but as we had given the actual dates no one could have been deceived. The evidence of liaison was already strong enough.

On June 9th you sent me the letter which you published in last week's New Statesman and Nation. In it you made two corrections on matters of fact—the obvious one regarding dates and your denial that there was any sort of liaison between the New Statesman and Nation and the *Eighth Army News*. We published those corrections. I accept your denial that there was, in fact, no liaison. We did not pretend to sub-edit your letter. By your own refusal to publish even corrections on matters of fact, which you could yourself have checked, you had forfeited any right to be heard.

Here I point out that by revealing that the anonymous letter you refused to publish was written by a member of the *Western Mail* staff you have violated the rule of secrecy that protects anonymity in journalism. If you had given the writer's name you could not have identified him more clearly in South Wales. You may have done this out of belief that I was privy to the writing of the letter. I have said I was not, but I cannot make you believe what you will not. I think the writer of that letter acted unwisely. His indignation impelled him. It is scarcely necessary for me to show how you may have injured him in the exercise of his profession. His letter and covering letter were returned to him. On the latter was written the word "No"—nothing else.

In regard to the original issues, here are the corrections on matters of fact which you cannot recall as having been made in the letter from a member of the *Western Mail* staff.

"A man working day after day with water to his knees . . .":—Miners do not work knee-deep or even ankle-deep in water. Sumps are provided at the coal-face to drain the water away. The men who may get wet are the hauliers who will be splashed from pools that sometimes form in roadways. Before the war rubber boots were provided in "wet" mines and even now, with the shortage of rubber, every effort is made to give proper protection.

"Even the value of cheap coal allowed to men with homes was deducted from the minimum":—This principle was established by the Lord Greene recommendations of 1942. It did not affect South Wales then as the district minima were higher than those fixed when the recommendations came into operation.

"The labourer with his shovel was made the equal of the man who had paid £50 for his tools":—No miner pays £50 for his tools. The most he pays is about £5. Dearer implements are the property of the colliery companies.

"There are girls in factories getting £8 a week for making tea":—No girls in South Wales factories get £8 a week for making tea. Where is your evidence?

Your "highly trained" reporter's article was based upon these mis-statements supplied by "a collier" and "a lodge official." All of them could have been corrected had he consulted the South Wales Miners' Federation. In South Wales we train reporters to find facts and leave opinion to the editor.

These are the facts of the issues between us. Readers of the *Western Mail* and New Statesman and Nation can now pass their own judgment on the question of ethics in journalism.

D. R. Prosser,
Editor, *Western Mail*

[The editor of the *Western Mail* hopes to make up in length what he lacks in logic. We are happy to leave this hotch-potch of confusions and mis-statements to any reader who cares to analyse them.

We note (1) that our charges against the *Western Mail* were that it grossly and provocatively libelled the miners; that it based an attack on us on a puerile error, and that when compelled to admit the error it did not withdraw the attack based on it; that, while charging us with not printing a completely unusable article, it refused to print our letter, preferring only a garbled reference to it. To none of these charges does the editor attempt any reply.

(2) The editor of the *Western Mail*, not we, revealed from his own internal knowledge of the correspondence that a reply was sent to us. If there was something secret about the identity of the writer, it was he and not we who revealed this unimportant piece of internal information. We know nothing of the writer and should not have referred to him if the *Western Mail* had not forced us to do so. If he has a quarrel with anyone it is with his editor, not with us.

(3) The editor accepts our statement that there is no liaison between us and the *Eighth Army News*, and yet twice repeats that there is evidence of this liaison. This is crazy. No evidence of any sort existed. Presumably *Eighth Army News* selects what it likes from the British press; it could reprint an article from the *Western Mail* if it thought it worth while. That would not be evidence of any "liaison."

(4) As for the alleged inaccuracies of our article, we have already stated that the point of the article was to record grievances alleged by miners. To take an instance given by the editor of the *Western Mail*: Our correspondent correctly reported the grievance about cheap coal; it is true that it only became a grievance after the Porter award. The £50, said to have been spent on tools, was the sum which a lodge official himself told our reporter he had personally paid for his tools. These would have been good points for correspondence if any letter of reasonable length had reached us, but that, as the editor himself admits, was not the nature of the communication sent to us.
—Ed. *N.S. & N.*]

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

HE B.B.C. has been running a series called ooks that Influenced Me." I was asked to ntribute, and here is the script of my broadcast. ave made a few cuts in the hope of minimising tang of the microphone, and its note of over- nsiderateness.

The first British Essay I ever wrote—the first, t is to say, of any length, was on the follow- subject: Estimate the Influence of Milton on Dryden and Pope. I produced a bad ay, but still think it was a rotten subject, ich would not have been set by anyone who red about poetry. And perhaps this early lure of mine over Dryden and Pope, and what ilton did for them, has made me cynical about luences generally. They seem to me to get ked about much too much. In a history of erature it is usually influences, influences all way; this writer influences that one, another riter moulds contemporary thought another ercises a lasting effect upon posterity. The itical scene, which surely should be devoted the interpretation of genius, gets cluttered up stead with pointers, arrows, connecting links, eryone doing something for someone, until a spicion arises that if the word Influence was rbidden the history of literature would not get ritten.

The book I feel justified in mentioning is ther a little book, and that introduces my first oint. One impulse, on tackling this question, to search for a great book, and to assume at here is the force which has moulded one's tlook and character. Looking back upon my n half-century of reading, I have no doubt hich my three great books have been: Dante's *ivine Comedy,* Gibbon's *Decline and Fall,* and olstoy's *War and Peace.* All three are great both senses of the word: in quality, and in lk. Bulk is not to be despised. Combined with ality, it gives a long book a pull over a short e, and permits us to call it monumental. Here e three monuments. But have they influenced e? Not in the least, though I came across em all at an impressionable age.

Of course, they impressed me by their mas- veness and design, and made me feel small the right way, and to make us feel small in e right way is the chief function of art; men n only make us feel small in the wrong way. ut to realise the vastness of the universe, the mits of human knowledge, the even narrower mits of human power, to catch a passing impse of the vision of Dante, or of the Roman mpire on its millennial way, or of Napoleon llapsing against the panorama of Russian daily fe—that is not to be influenced. It is to be tended. Perhaps those three books were too onumental, too great to have the particular sult which is the subject of these talks. Per- aps human beings are not much influenced by onuments. They gaze at the monument, say Oh!" and pass on unchanged. Are they not ore likely to be influenced by objects nearer eir own size? Anyhow that has been my own se.

The book I am going to name is Samuel utler's *Erewhon,* a work of genius, but with ante, Gibbon and Tolstoy setting our stand- ds we will not call it great. It has been better escribed as "a serious book not written too riously."

It was published as far back as 1872. It is ifficult to classify—partly a yarn, partly an ccount of Utopia, and partly a satire on Vic- rian civilisation. It opens with some superb escriptions of mountain scenery: this part is ken from Butler's New Zealand experiences. The hero is a bit of a scamp, and not so much living character as a vehicle for the author's kes and dislikes, and for his mischievousness. He has left England under a cloud for a distant olony, with the intention of converting some st tribe to Christianity at a handsome profit. He hears that beyond the mountain range there re terrible figures, and still more terrible sounds. He sets out, and presently discovers enormous and frightful statues, through whose hollow heads the wind moans. They are the guardians of Erewhon. Struggling past them, he enters the unknown country, and the fantasy proper begins. The descent on the further side beyond the statues is exquisitely related, and the scenery now suggests the Italian slopes of the Alps. He is politely imprisoned by the mountaineers until instructions as to his disposal can come up from the capital. But there are two hitches. One of them occurs when his watch is discovered on him. The other is with his jailer's daughter, Yram (Erewhonian for Mary). He and she get on well, and when he catches a cold he makes the most of it, in the hope of being cossetted by her. She flies into a fury.

By now he has learnt the language, and is summoned to the capital. He is to be the guest of a Mr. Nosnibor (whose name I leave you to reconstruct), and the account of Mr. Nosnibor puzzles him. "He is," says his informant, "a most delightful man, who has but lately recovered from embezzling a large sum of money under singularly distressing circumstances; you are sure to like him." What can this all mean? It's wrong to have a watch, wrong to catch a cold, but embezzlement apparently is only a subject for sympathy. The reader is equally puzzled, and skilfully does Butler lead us into the heart of this topsy-turvy country, without explaining its fantasies too soon. Take the Musical Banks. Erewhon, it seems, has two banking systems, one of them like ours, the other is Musical Banking. Mr. Nosnibor, as befits a dubious financier, goes constantly to the first sort of bank, but never attends the offices of the second, though he is ostensibly its ardent supporter. Mrs. Nosnibor and her daughters go once a week. Each bank has its own coinage, the coins of the musical banks being highly esteemed, but of no commercial value, as the hero soon discovers when he tries to tip one of its officials with them. Just as in Swift, we read for a bit about the Yahoos without realising that he intends them for ourselves, so we read about the Musical Banks, and only gradually realise that they caricature the Church of England and its connections with Capitalism. There was a great row over this chapter as soon as it was understood; the "enfant terrible," as he called himself, had indeed heaved a brick. He also shocked people by reversing the positions of crime and illness. In Erewhon it is wicked to be ill—that is why Yram was angry when the hero has a cold. Embezzlement, on the other hand, is a disease. Mr. Nosnibor is treated for it professionally and very severely. "Poor papa," says his charming daughter, "I really do not think he will steal any more." And as for possessing a watch—all machinery invented after a certain date has been destroyed by the Erewhonians, lest it breeds new machines, who may enslave men. (Pretty far-seeing, this, for 1872.) And there are further brilliant inventions—for instance, the College of Unreason, who teach a Hypothetical Language, never used outside their walls, and in whom we must reluctantly recognise the ancient universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and their schools of Latin and Greek. And there is the worship of the Goddess Ydgrun (Mrs. Grundy); the worship is mostly bad, yet it produces a few fine people, whom Butler calls the High Ydgrunites. These people were conventional in the right way: they hadn't too many ideals, and they were always willing to drop a couple to oblige a friend. In the High Ydgrunites we come to what Butler thought desirable. Although a rebel, he was not a reformer. He believed in the conventions, provided they are observed humanely. Grace and graciousness, good temper, good looks, good health and good sense; tolerance, intelligence, and willingness to abandon any moral standard at a pinch. That is what he admired.

The book ends, as it began, in the atmosphere of adventure. The hero elopes with Miss Nosnibor in a balloon. The splendid descriptions of natural scenery are resumed, they fall into the sea and are rescued, and we leave him as secretary of the Erewhon Evangelisation Company in London, asking for subscriptions for the purpose of converting the country to Christianity with the aid of a small expeditionary force. "An uncalled-for joke?" If you think so, say you have fallen into one of Butler's little traps. He wanted to make uncalled-for jokes. He wanted to write a serious book not too seriously.

Why did this book influence *me*? For one thing, I have the sort of mind which likes to be taken unawares. The frontal full-dress presentation of an opinion often repels me, but if it be insidiously slipped in sidewise I may receive it, and Butler is a master of the oblique. Then, what he had to say was congenial, and I lapped it up. It was the food for which I was waiting. And this brings me to my next point. I suggest that the only books that influence us are those for which we are ready, and which have gone a little farther down our particular path than we have yet got ourselves. I suggest, furthermore, that when you feel that you could almost have written the book yourself—that's the moment when it's influencing you. You are not influenced when you say, "How marvellous! What a revelation! How monumental. Oh!" You are being extended, and it is well that you should be. You are being influenced when you say "Dear me, I might have written that myself if I hadn't been so busy." I don't suppose that I could have written the *Divine Comedy* or the *Decline and Fall.* I don't even think I could have written the *Antigone* of Sophocles, though of all the great tragic utterances that comes closest to my heart, that is my centre faith. But I do think (quite erroneously) that I could have turned out this little skit of Erewhon if the idea of it had occurred to me. Which is strong evidence that it has influenced me.

Erewhon also influenced me in its technique. I like that idea of fantasy, of muddling up the actual and the impossible until the reader isn't sure which is which, and I have sometimes tried to do it when writing myself. However, I mustn't start on technique. Let me rather get in an observation which was put to me the other day by a friend. What about the books which influence us negatively, which give us the food we don't want, or, maybe, are unfit for, and so help us to realise what we do want? I have amused myself by putting down four books which have influenced me negatively. They are books by great writers, and I have appreciated them. But they are not my sort of book. They are: *The Confessions of St. Augustine,* Macchiavelli's *Prince,* Swift's *Gulliver,* and Carlyle on *Heroes and Hero Worship.* All these books have influenced me negatively, and impelled me away from them towards my natural food. I know that St. Augustine's *Confessions* is a good book, and I want to be good. But not in St. Augustine's way. I don't want the goodness which entails an asceticism close to cruelty. I prefer the goodness of William Blake. And Macchiavelli—he is clever—and unlike some of my compatriots I want to be clever. But not with Macchiavelli's cold, inhuman cleverness. I prefer the cleverness of Voltaire. And indignation—Swift's indignation in *Gulliver* is too savage for me; I prefer Butler's in *Erewhon.* And strength—yes, I want to be strong, but not with the strength of Carlyle's dictator heroes, who foreshadow Hitler. I prefer the strength of Antigone.

E. M. FORSTER

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CONTROVERSIAL HISTORY

Seven Archbishops. By Sidney Dark. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

An Anglo-Catholic and a Socialist, Mr. Sidney Dark believes that the Church ought to interfere in politics in order to champion the poor against the rich; and that the Church of England has in fact performed this duty except at the times when it imagined itself to be a Protestant rather than a Catholic body. He has sought to demonstrate this thesis by outlining a history of the Church of England round the persons of seven Archbishops of Canterbury, Anselm, Thomas à Becket, Cranmer, Laud, Potter, Howley and Tait. He is a most skilful writer who has made an art of trenchancy, and he makes no pretence to impartiality, so that we simultaneously delight in his gusto and gasp at his misrepresentations. The book is of the sort called "popular"; that is to say, it quotes freely without giving references and contains no bibliography.

Mr. Dark has little but praise for Anselm and Thomas. William Rufus, Henry I and Henry II were wrong, it seems, to resist papal authority, while Charles I was right to do so. The reason, as far as I can gather, is that Roman doctrines in the interval had developed in a regrettable way, but Mr. Dark does not make clear which Tridentine doctrine is so offensive as to justify in his eyes the continued separation of Canterbury from Rome. He has, of course, no difficulty in showing that the plunder of Church property was a principal motive of the Reformation in England, and that the Cromwellians in the Civil War represented the rising capitalist class. His contemptuous hatred of such Puritans as Prynne seems to me entirely justified, and their complaints of persecution deserve no sympathy, since they were if anything more intolerant than their persecutors. But this does not make Laud's vindictiveness agreeable, nor can I see any reason to believe with Mr. Dark that the poor would have benefited if Charles had succeeded in establishing an autocratic monarchy and extirpating dissent. The parallel history of France, where these aims were effected, offers little support to his thesis. His views of Charles, Strafford and Laud seem to me partisan to the point of disingenuousness. The arguments on both sides are too familiar to need recapitulation, so let me remind Mr. Dark of one fact only. An Irishman bequeathed a legacy to the Catholic bishop of his diocese; and when Strafford gave this to the Anglican bishop, on the excuse that Anglicans were "Catholic," Laud congratulated him on having "excellently stretched the donor's meaning into the right sense," and the King was heartily amused. "Tantum religio . . ."—if these three men were "good," as Mr. Dark would have us believe, their faith persuaded them to be also wonderfully caddish. I do not believe for an instant that Mr. Dark would defend such an action, but I do suggest that where he cannot defend, he usually omits, trusting to the ignorance of the reader.

And is it really necessary from his point of view to make Laud's cause his own? This duodecimo Richelieu would quickly, I fancy, have deprived Mr. Dark of his ears, thinking him not only a leveller but dangerously papistical. And here I wish to join issue with a main thesis of this book. Laud is presented to us as an Anglo-Catholic, but his Anglo-Catholicism, I suggest, was very different from the modern version. He proclaimed, for instance, his sympathy with the Calvinists of La Rochelle as persecuted followers of the true religion. But if Mr. Dark were in La Rochelle to-day, and there were no Anglican Church, he would go, would he not, to mass and not to the Protestant temple? For I think he will agree that the prime distinction between Anglo-Catholics and other members of the Church of England is that for the former the Holy Eucharist and not Mattins is the main and obligatory Sunday service. Mr. Dark claims not only Laud, but George Herbert and Dr. Johnson as fellow Anglo-Catholics, but not one of them can be accepted as such by the criterion I have put forward.

Like some generals, Mr. Dark is much more successful in attack than in defence—a cynic might suggest that the *terrain* of ecclesiastical behaviour lends itself more easily to the strategy of the offensive. His abuse of the Erastian Tait is easier to accept than his eulogy of Laud. Yet Mr. Dark interprets the history of the nineteenth century no less strangely than that of the seventeenth. He quotes a passage in which William Wilberforce declares that true religion

> renders the inequalities of the social state less galling to the lower orders whom she also instructs in their turn, to be diligent, humble and patient; reminding them that their lowly path has been allotted to them by the hand of God; that it is their part faithfully to discharge its duties, contentedly to bear its inconveniences; that the present state of things is very short; that the peace of mind which religion offers indiscriminately to all ranks affords a more true satisfaction than all the expensive pleasures which are beyond a poor man's reach.

"This nauseous smugness," Mr. Dark comments, "would have been less offensive if it had been mere hypocrisy. The very devil of it was that it was the sincere belief of a good and kindly man." Wilberforce, of course, was an Evangelical, and Mr. Dark blames these views upon his Protestantism. But I venture to suggest that the quotation represents an orthodox Christian attitude, with every word of which Keble, Newman and Pusey would have agreed. Mr. Dark deplores the tendency he finds among modern Anglo-Catholics to be more interested in ritual than in the improvement of material conditions, and contrasts them in this respect unfavourably with the first Tractarians. But the Oxford Movement, I suggest, was in its origins frankly reactionary. It began with Keble's Assize Sermon attacking Lord Grey's Government for suppressing ten bishoprics in that Church of Ireland for which Mr. Dark has no undue respect. And who among Keble's fellow-Tractarians had any leanings towards democracy? Mr. Gladstone, it is true, remained fervent in his Tractarian piety after he had ceased to be a Conservative, but in the clergy the chief champions of social reform were latitudinarians like Maurice and Kingsley. Only with the later generation of Gore, Scott Holland and Headlam did that connection arise between Anglo-Catholicism and the Left, of which Mr. Dark and Mr. Driberg are to-day the distinguished representatives.

Unable as I am to accept Mr. Dark as an historian, I have found myself very frequently admiring his comments, whether he is attacking Puritanism or defending the oppressed. Let me quote one of the many facts I have learnt from him, a story about the Evangelical author of "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me."

> Toplady exchanged a living with a friend and soon afterwards the vicarage was burned down and all his friend's goods were destroyed. And Toplady gratefully recorded in his diary: "What a providential mercy was it that I resigned the living before this misfortune happened. O God, how wise and how gracious art Thou in all Thy ways!"

Mr. Dark writes as a partisan and is not always careful to preserve even the appearance of fairness. (An Anglican who complains of the belatedness with which Rome beatified Thomas More and John Fisher exposes himself to the hilarity of the ribald.) And in this review I have emphasised what I take to be weaknesses in his history, because they seem likely to mislead the ignorant. But to others I would recommend his book, by which they will be not only exasperated and entertained but edified. For his main theme is that religion has to be political if it is to be effective; and he is very eloquent when he calls upon his fellow-Anglicans to "bring to an end the payment by the many for the benefit of the few."

Raymond Mortimer

THE POLISH POETS

A Polish Anthology: English translation along with the Polish text. Selected by T. M. Filip. Translated by M. A. Michael. *Duckworth.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

A hundred years ago western European readers knew Russian literature by the one name Pushkin, and Polish literature by the one name Mickiew Pushkin had the advantage of having written ea translatable prose tales as well as verse, Mickiew of being a professor at the Collège de France a well-known figure in Paris. It was the Po view of Russia, not the Russian view of Po that prevailed in the west; Russia was identi with autocracy, police control and exile Siberia, Poland with the struggle for freedom.

To-day the situation is completely change less because of the Russian Revolution than of Russian novelists who have peopled their coun for readers the world over with characters make it for all of us a place where we have great many personal acquaintances. Poland continued to produce a predominantly poeti literature of litttle use as a national ambassad because both difficult to translate and unlikely appeal to a world which now reads far more pr than verse.

This is doubly unfortunate, because Po poetry can be a source of delight and is linked w the national experience and feeling of Poles in remarkably intimate way. "O poetry, thou line of Poland's defence," writes Marjan He after the German occupation of his count And forty years before Zeromski, a prose p and novelist who is strongly (for my taste strongly) represented in this volume, wrote of Polish underground which was then struggl with the Tsar: "Only Polish poetry will neit desert nor decry you, soldier! She alone will take fright at your dreams and deeds!" Pilsud has described how his mother took forbidd books of poetry out of their hiding place in Lithuanian manor and read them to her childr

It is no longer necessary to apologise for national themes of Polish poetry—for this the is the central experience of most of the nations Europe—the sufferings and moral problems men both as citizens and individuals in face national disaster. Norwid writing of Poli rebels in 1863 need have changed no word rededicate his poem to French "dissidents" 1940. Slonimski in his "To a French Friend (one of the finest poems written in the new Pol exile of this war, but not included in this volum can write with truth "Step closer, give me yo hand; I know this darkness." No doubt dominance of public themes has been one of influences unfavourable to the Polish nov (Joseph Conrad could not have written his sort books, drenched with Polish experience thou they are, without escaping from Poland's imm diate problems by going abroad.) But political stress under which Polish literature h been produced has forced Polish poets to link immediate and the actual with the enduring in manner reminiscent of ancient Athens—Aris phanic as well as Aeschylean. In Warsaw th is nothing surprising in the fact that the best po of the day write for the music hall stage. Th is no difficulty for Wyspianski in opening symbolic poetic drama like "The Wedding with a personal satire on his contemporaries the Cracow of 1900—and it is all gain to the poe On the other hand, the same Wyspianski finds the figure of Proserpine, going into the darkn of the underworld, in spite of her mothe pleading, that there may again be a spring, natural and self-explanatory symbol of the you Poles who, for generation after generation, to up the hopeless conflict and went to the scaffo

The present volume, with Polish on one p and English on the other, "the outcome of private collaboration of two soldiers for duration, an English officer and a Polish privat not only reprints much Polish verse which it extremely difficult to find in present circumstanc but makes it available to all who have so knowledge of Polish, or indeed of any oth Slavonic language. With a little effort it can used much as the Temple Classics Dante is u by those with French or Latin and little or Italian.

Produced in such difficult circumstances, book has needed the spur of enthusiasm, enthusiasm which is the expression of a rat ne-sided taste. Polish character has two main pects—a dashing, cavalier side, and a quiet tachment to simple pleasures, a rootedness in e soil, a cult of the home from which so many oles have been exiled, a side in fact, strongly in to the aspect of English genius that has oduced Marvell and Cowper and Wordsworth.

Slowacki is the expression of the first mood d this book is flooded by Slowacki; good and d and indifferent, although one of his best poems absent—" The War Song of the Confederates of ar " with the magnificent line " We shall never e in alliance with the Kings." " God is not only e God of worms and of creatures that crawl. e loves the noisy flight of great birds and does ot check horses loosed on the gallop," wrote lowacki, referring in scorn to his greater conmporary, Adam Mickiewicz, who is *very* underpresented in this volume—as is also Wyspianski. ickiewicz mentions himself much less often an Slowacki. It is typical of his genius that he ould introduce us to his heroine in a kitchen rden, which, though within a stone's throw of beron's kingdom, undoubtedly grew excellent egetables for the pot. Fortunately the whole of Pan Tadeusz " (" Mr. Thaddeus ") is available this country, both in Polish and in English rose (Everyman). But that provides Mr. Filip ith no excuse at all for not having included in is anthology one of Mickiewicz's sonnets.

FRANCIS GENN

A RUSSIAN HERO

lexander Suvorov. By K. OSIPOV. *Hutchinson.* 15*s*.

History plays ironic tricks with the reputations f the great. This biography of Suvorov by a oviet historian hails him as " a universal reinder of the unshaken power of Russian arms " d finds no embarrassment in making a patriotic ro of a man who spent all his life as the servant f the most reactionary men and policies of the ghteenth century. There is little in Suvorov's reer which merits modern political approval: r Catherine he fought a bloody and aggressive ar to wrest control of the Black Sea region om the Turks; he was responsible for the ppression of both the Polish national insurction and the revolt of the Russian serfs led y Pugachev; and, just before his death, he s appointed at the special request of Pitt to mmand the Coalition armies operating against e French in North Italy. On the face of it, at would seem enough to arouse disfavour in a Marxist biographer. But Mr. Osipov avoids the difficulty by placing his emphasis, not on Suvorov's historical role, but on his personality and his military genius. Though the political background to his victories is there, it is continually qualified by the saving phrase that, being a true child of his time, Suvorov could not be expected to do other than he did in the circumstances. This technique, aided by the introduction of nationalist assumptions which are nowhere explicitly discussed, helps Mr. Osipov over the sticky patches in his narrative. He gives us, as a result, an interesting, but not altogether complete, picture of this eccentric and brilliant man, whose contribution to military technique was so far in advance of the stereotyped methods of his contemporaries that even so distinguished a critic as Clausewitz dismissed him as " a crude practical soldier."

The portrait is built up with care. We are shown the young Suvorov full of dreams of military glory, studying the lives of the great soldiers, imploring his father to allow him to enter the army. After his military career had begun in earnest, Suvorov began to despise the affected and corrupt courtiers who regarded the army as a plaything for their politics rather than as a serious instrument of war. He liked to share the hardships of his men, disciplining his own weak flesh to withstand the rigours of the campaigns he hoped to conduct some day. But though until his death he remained the most popular commander of his age, though he placed the welfare and efficient training of his soldiers before ceremonial display:

> he still remained a son of his class and of his time and approached the common people not as a leader but as a master, though a master who understood, loved and esteemed them. He regarded the soldiers as excellent fighting material but for him the task of utilising this material was the unquestioned privilege of men of gentle blood.

The secret of his superb victories lay partly in this understanding of ordinary soldiers and in his treatment of them as human beings. He trained them to be independent and to think for themselves at a time when other generals thought them a herd to be drilled and bullied into obedience. All his military ideas were brilliant and unorthodox. Suvorov worked out a definite philosophy for war; decisive defeats are inflicted only when the enemy is annihilated, not when he is forced to withdraw from a particular position or a fortress. In his whole life he was never defeated and only once did he permit his troops to pass temporarily to the defensive. His tactics were based on the idea of a continuous offensive, for he could move his army at speeds incredibly high for his time, thanks to careful training and his ruthless elimination of the baggage train considered so necessary by the pampered generals from St. Petersburg. In his triumphs he was human beyond their comprehension; no prospect of loot diverted his attention from more practical military problems; when he took a town he did what he could to avoid an orgy of cruelty:

> I have shed rivers of blood, and this horrifies me. But I love my neighbour. I have never signed a death sentence. I have never crushed a beetle.

Like many eccentrics Suvorov was unpopular with his contemporaries. Where he was intelligent, society was unenlightened; where he was virile and honest, St. Petersburg was corrupt and slothful. Most of his life was spent in semi-exile or in routine jobs from which he was recalled when events had passed beyond the control of incompetent favourites. Even when he died, generalissimo of the Tsar's armies, loaded with decorations and glory, Suvorov was in disgrace, cheated of the esteem for which he had sought throughout his seventy years. He had necessarily been dependent upon the favour and whim of others;

> The Sovereign quite likes me but her flunkeys don't. At the end of every war I suffered: after the Prussian war I lost my seniority; after Poland I had to run the gauntlet; after the first Turkish campaign I was exiled with honours; after the Crimea and the Kuban I was proscribed. . . . I have completed fifty years of service. Would it not be better for me to fly from the world to some village, foreign service, retirement or death. . . . I don't care which it is but I will not be a lickspittle!

His refusal to play the courtier cost him dear. To protect himself from intrigue and at the same time secure a little independence of action, he grew in eccentricity. This was as good a cloak as any for concealing his more serious ideas and his contempt for the men who fought their battles and won their decorations on marble floors. All his life, his campaigns and his personal career suffered from their interference.

Suvorov must be a fascinating though difficult subject for a biographer. His life was complex and rich enough. He was outspoken, witty, charming, and a sincere friend. And his influence upon military science was profound; his pupils, Kutusov and Bagration, were to defeat Napoleon in 1812, and many of his maxims are sound sense

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on the battlefield to-day. So it is a pity that, in translation at least, much of this material seems ill-digested, and that sometimes Mr. Osipov's style reads more like notes than a literary narrative. But these are not overwhelming faults, and if this book is typical of contemporary Soviet biographies, we should look forward to some further examples.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

THE DARKENING OF THE DAWN

The Good Gorilla. By ARNOLD LUNN. *Hollis and Carter.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The title of this book is taken from a remark by Renan to the effect that even if Christianity is false, as Renan believed it to be, it is pragmatically useful in that it has spiritualised our species, which would otherwise have remained ape-like, and made it seem worth while to try to be good. Even if the apparent spirituality is only a bluff it is well that the bluff should be put up, and though hypocrisy may be the tribute that vice pays to virtue, it is better, as the Nazis have taught us, that the tribute should be paid. "Under the influence of illusions," runs the Renan quotation, "one has succeeded in obtaining an astonishing moral effort from the good Gorilla. Remove the illusions and a part of the artificial energy which they evoked will disappear." Whereas Pascal thought of man as a being, part angel and part beast, who, desiring to behave like an angel succeeds only too often in behaving like a beast, Renan would seem to have held that he is, in fact, a beast who under the influence of illusions can sometimes be induced to behave like an angel.

Polybius, from whom Mr. Lunn also quotes—indeed at some point or other in the argument, Mr. Lunn contrives to produce a quotation from almost every writer who has ever been heard of—agrees with Renan, pointing out that the Romans "were more honest than the Greeks because of their 'scrupulous fear of the gods.'"

Mr. Lunn believes that Christianity is true, but in this book his concern is to show that, whether true or not, it is useful. He holds that the decline of the belief in the Christian faith has been accompanied by a decline both in compassion and in culture, and adduces a number of considerations to show that these two declines are not accidentally conjoined phenomena but that the fact that we are more brutal and stupid than we were is in part due to the fact that we believe less than we did. As a Catholic, Mr. Lunn lays special emphasis upon the decline in culture, holding "that the Church has a cultural no less than a spiritual mission, and that a Christian revival is the only antidote to the increasing barbarisation of life."

Mr. Lunn writes with gusto, conviction and good temper; he is never dull, he is often amusing and sometimes witty; he is clever in controversy and spirited in attack. Particularly effective is his criticism of what he calls "Dawnism," the view, current until recently, that man and his society will grow better and better through the instrumentality of science and politics as expressed in those two blessings of the modern world, the machine and the ballot. He has compiled an illuminating collection of "Dawnist" utterances of which the following from Herbert Spencer is, perhaps, the pick. "Progress is not an accident but a necessity. What we call evil and immorality must disappear. It is certain that man must become perfect." (Mr. Lunn overlooks, I think, the fact that this, in common with many of his best "Dawnist" quotations—Swinburne is cited and Herschel and Marx and H. G. Wells "one of the last of the Victorians"—is culled from what, compared with our own, was an age of faith.)

Mr. Lunn has no difficulty in bringing home to Left Wing writers the making of many false prophecies and foolish guesses and scores a number of telling points against a varied miscellany of persons ranging from Dr. Buchman to J. B. S. Haldane. He succeeds, I think, in showing that the waning of Christian belief is at least in part bound up with the growth of stupidity and brutality. He does not, I think, succeed in proving either (i) that this is the cause, still less the sole cause of the decivilisation of our times—both decline and decivilisation may be by-products of something more fundamental, for example, the collapse of Capitalism through war; or (ii) that it is the result of the eclipse of reason. Believing that Christianity is true, Mr. Lunn also believes that its truth can be supported, if not wholly established, by reason. Many, however, would hold that reason has been the chief architect of Christianity's decline, precisely because Christianity is not true and teaches much that is irrational. I do not say that these things are so, merely that Mr. Lunn's argument would not, I think, convince anybody who thinks they are.

The weaknesses of his book are, first, lack of coherent structure; he wanders at random through the muddled caverns of our times, sometimes illuminating, sometimes adding their obscurity, including incidents and co versations which often seem to have no mo relevance to his main theme than is afforded the thread of autobiographical reminiscen on which they are strung. It is a higgled piggledy of a book and when the excitement h died down and you ask what is left, you find o the recommendations that we should belie and be good Christians. And how are beli and Christian virtue to be brought abou Apparently by the formation at Catholic Colleg of teams of trained and aggressive Catho debaters. This, I suppose, is well enough f Catholics, but so far as the Anglican Church concerned, I doubt if the debaters would ha much to contend with. There is really n much point in being an agnostic nowadays: t Church of England has left us so little in whi to disbelieve.

It is impossible in the second place to r oneself of the suspicion of special pleadin Any stick, it seems, is good enough for t chastisement of left wing "Dawnists." Y it simply is not true that H. G. Wells is " mere populariser" in some sense in whic Christopher Dawson is "an exceptional hi torian," that "the only difference between t fascists of the Right and the fascists of the Left (a term used apparently to denote any Sociali planner) "is that the former have the coura of their convictions," or that the Pope was free deserved censure in his attitude to the Abyssini affair. It is unfortunate, I think, in his own i terests that Mr. Lunn should have quoted in illu tration of the "decline in standards of intellectu honesty" a remark by David Low in an artic contributed by him to this journal:—"Unde stand we are not here to pass honest judgmen but to purvey matter the other side doesn like." Permissible in a cartoonist—and Low i referring here to cartoonists as such—this is a b habit in a writer. I have several times wondere whether Lunn was not contracting it.

C. E. M. JOAD

Week-end Competitions

No. 754

Set by Fred Oyster

Competitors are invited to reveal new climes and new fount of wisdom with a set of half-a-doze proverbs from the Outlandish. Entries should rea the Editor by Monday, July 24th.

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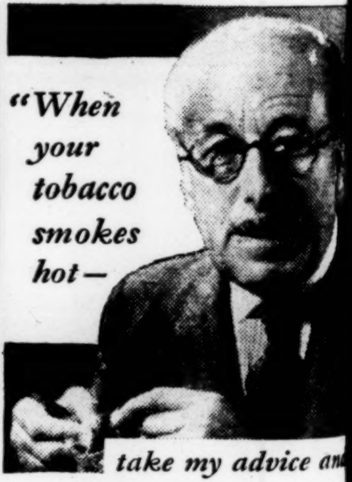

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SULT OF COMPETITION No. 751

by T. D.

Mrs. Proudie pays a call at a presbytery inhabited y several celibate Anglo-Catholic clergymen, with e object of inducing them to abandon the Sunday vening dances which they have instituted in their arish Hall. The usual prizes for 250 words in he Trollopian manner, preferably conveying the lergy-house atmosphere as well as the clash of ersonalities.

port by T. D.

Trollope's style, astringent yet often rumbustious, eated most competitors; but they seem to have a good deal of fun out of this obviously fruitful ounter—though few, again, handled their presby- y "properties" with certainty, and many of them, ecially women, supposed that celibate establish- nts must be "austere," grim, "excessively mascu- e," and dirty; whereas in fact some at least are gant and gay, not to say fancy. Only one com- itor, Barbara Blackburn, exploited the sartorial as ll as the physical oppressiveness of Mrs. Proudie Trollope did in her greater moments. H. T. nders had the agreeable thought of making tie Stanhope one of his priestlings. William Bliss ated disarmingly by sending in far too long an ry, with "Stop it anywhere you like, or cut out middle"; he was one of those who did not omit make Mrs. P. say "Surely, surely." Pte. H. G. well had a good ending: "'To think,' she exclaimed a frenzy, 'to think that you were ordained by . . .'" Edward Hathaway's vicar had the erity to remind Mrs. Proudie that, as a bishop's e, she had strictly "no canonical existence"; his ces were supported by Mrs. Arabin and the nora Neroni. Allan M. Laing had a fine atmo- eric flash: "The ante-room door, imperfectly t, had swung open, and Mrs. Proudie stiffened a glimpse of a clergyman kneeling before an altar which were lighted candles." R. S. Jaffray's empt was creditable, but lacked the divine spark. r skill in dealing with both aspects of the competi- n, the first prize of two guineas goes to R. J. P. wison (whose chapter-heading and "Father nuflex" are perfect Trollopian touches). A guinea h goes to Ellen Evans, whose entry was one of the st amusing, and Barbara Blackburn (the only mpetitor to introduce the Archdeacon and his ourite expletive).

FIRST PRIZE

CHAPTER XIV

MRS. PROUDIE IS PUT DOWN

The housekeeper, as stiff and respectable as Mrs. udie, explained that the Fathers were still breaking their fast after the ten o'clock mass, being St. Ewold's Day; besides, it yet wanted ten minutes before Great Silence ended. Would Madam please to step into the parlour? That apartment boasted two worn armchairs, a littered table and much dust; turning her back on the crucifix and the Madonna, the she-bishop stared grimly out of the curtainless window.

Soon Father Ormbury entered, crossing himself in post-dejejunal grace. "My apologies, Mrs. Proudie. To what do we owe the honour of this visitation?"

"Mr. Ormbury, the bishop and I learn with pain that the clergymen of this parish encourage the ungodly practice of dancing—on the sabbath! This must cease."

"*Must* cease, ma'am? do I hear aright?"

"You do, Sir. These performances are an abomination in themselves; worse, they undo all the work which the bishop and I, with the local universal sabbath observance committee, so diligently foster."

"Dancing," replied the Father, "is a natural enjoyment, and therefore pleasing in the sight of Almighty God. Father Genuflex conducts our dances on the highest principles, with strict regard to morality. I know not by what authority the bishop's wife delivers a requisition which the bishop is not competent to enforce; the answer I do know."

"The bishop will have something to say to this," said Mrs. Proudie angrily. "Good day, Sir."

"I doubt not you will see to that," observed Ormbury, *sotto voce.*

R. J. P. HEWISON

SECOND PRIZE

". . . But these dances are in no sense 'promiscuous,' Mrs. Proudie," said Father Gregg mildly. "My curates are personally responsible for the right conduct of the evening. In fact, they sometimes join in the dancing themselves as an encouragement to the young people."

"I can well imagine that they encourage them in every way possible," said Mrs. Proudie grimly.

"And no young person is admitted who has not been a regular attender at Mass," added fat Father Crosby with satisfaction. "I keep a very careful watch on them I can assure you."

At the mention of Mass a quiver went through Mrs. Proudie. She sat bolt upright as though the faded coverings of the chair would pollute her clothing, and stared venomously at the cracked tobacco jar on the untidy mantelshelf.

The neat housekeeper entered. "Shall I bring tea now, Sir?"

"No tea for me, thank you," said Mrs. Proudie, as though declining a poisoned chalice. She gave the housekeeper a look which said plainly enough, "So this is the chief concubine in this den of iniquity."

When the door closed Mrs. Proudie rallied her forces for the final blow. "Never before in all my parochial experience has such a flagrant example of desecration allied to dissipation been brought to my notice. Surely, surely, Mr. Gregg."

A collarless, hot young priest burst into the room. "I've just heard that the Bish. doesn't approve of our Sunday hops, Father," he boomed. He caught Mrs. Proudie's eye and was frozen into silence.

ELLEN EVANS

SECOND PRIZE

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the Archdeacon. It was almost as much beyond his power to imagine that clergymen should promote dances as that they should live in this bare presbytery in the unsalubrious air of Bermondsey. How could Charles, his son and a gentleman, support such a project.

"That's the way it's done nowadays," said Charles easily.

"It's the way to get the women to church. Eh, Crisparkle?"

His friend Crisparkle, a young curate, supported him more diffidently. "Yes, indeed, Sir, and the men. Everyone's for physical culture nowadays."

"Good Heavens!" This time there was a shade less assurance in the Archdeacon's exclamation.

At that moment the door of the room was thrown violently open, and there stood before the eyes of the three clergymen the terrible apparition of Mrs. Proudie. She wore a brown cloak and a beaver bonnet, and she appeared to fill the doorway, excluding all light.

"What is this I hear?" she almost screamed. "This is Sabbath Day desecration of a kind unknown to me. Can such wickedness exist without being struck down? Archdeacon! You too on this Devil's work! The Bishop shall withdraw your licence, sir."

A mild voice from behind her was heard to murmur, "Oh, dear," chiming in with an aghast "Good Heavens!" from the Archdeacon. The Rev. Charles Grantly, however, stepped forward with assurance.

"Mrs. Proudie! This is charming indeed."

The next moment a resounding slap was heard. Mrs. Proudie had slapped the Rev. Charles Grantly's face.

BARBARA BLACKBURN

Mr. Roger Marvell apologises for a gross error in last week's competition report. The sonnets by Constance Sewell and Guy Innes followed faithfully the Shakespearean form. Also in L. E. J.'s entry "inductable" should be "ineluctable."

Company Meeting

SHELL" TRANSPORT & TRADING

COMPANY'S WAR EFFORT

LORD BEARSTED'S STATEMENT

annual general meeting of The ell " Transport and Trading Company, ited, was held on July 11th in London, Rt. Hon. Viscount Bearsted, M.C. (the rman), presiding.

e following is an extract from the chair- 's statement:

e energies of the whole oil industry have concentrated on meeting the needs of . Problems of supply and transport have faced and overcome. The completion arious pipeline projects, the effective use all inland waterways and the continued ement of great quantities of oil by the ways, together with the increased number ankers available, have succeeded in meet- the essential requirements.

erhaps the most striking development in ear of record achievement in the U.S.A. been the vast increase in aviation fuel duction. I am sure that many of you have noted with great satisfaction in Shell Union's report that in 1943 no less n 16 per cent. of the total United States duction of this aviation fuel came from ll plants, and, of course, our efforts in connection are not confined to the ited States.

ast year I referred to the creation of a synthetic rubber industry in the United States and to the oil industry's plans for contributing thereto. The construction work for this new industry is nearing completion, and the Government-owned Butadiene plant which the Shell Chemical Company undertook to build as part of the general programme is now in operation under the management of our group.

The trading results of Shell Union for the year 1943 compare very favourably with 1942. There has been much publicity during the past year concerning the crude oil reserve position in the United States, and I think it is of interest that at the end of 1943 Shell Union has been able slightly to increase its underground reserves of crude oil.

I mentioned last year that a new petroleum law had been passed under which the Government would grant new concessions with extended life in exchange for the existing concessions. Those companies in which we are interested applied for and have in due course received such new concessions.

Our producing operations in other countries, particularly in Colombia, Egypt and Trinidad, are developing satisfactorily.

I would like to pay a special tribute to the "little ships," whether those serving in nearby waters or in the Mediterranean or Pacific Ocean. We get the most inspiring reports of the spirit which actuates those who man these ships, and some of them have recently received most glowing commendations from H.M. Government.

In other directions also the group's trained shipping staff are contributing of their experience to the war effort, and many of our men are seconded to the organisations at home and abroad at present working under State auspices. Throughout the world the members of the Royal-Dutch-Shell group are engaged day by day in many specialised capacities in the concentrated drive to end this war.

The report was adopted.

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